# A HUSBAND'S PROBLEM

SHE SAW the hat in the window. No escape from the situation is furnished by the discovery that the hat doesn't fit. Every husband has meditated privately on the curious circumstance that every new hat in the world fits his wife's head. NOW, at the other extremity this beautiful law doesn't apply. Feet insist on being fitted, and if they aren't fitted they will fight. That's why it's best to consult a Lotus agent and with his help find the Lotus shoe which is finally, utterly, and with a blissful certitude *your* shoe. Smartness sacrificed? Indeed no.

## LOTUS & DELTA

SHOES OF STANDING

For Men and for Women

*At prices from* 21/-

LOTUS, LTD., STAFFORD & Northampton. AGENTS EVERYWHERE

# GOOCHS
## VOGUE & VALUE

The creators of Gooch Hats are nothing if not versatile, for although new designs appear daily in Goochs salons, there is never any monotony in style or in trimming. Prices, however, never vary from true moderation.

Becoming Hat in brown satin trimmed with smart mount of soft feather pads.

PRICE **63/-**

*Cannot be sent on approval.*

This smart and attractive Hat is carried out in black satin, and the small under brim and chic bow are of black faille.

PRICE **3½ Gns.**

*Cannot be sent on approval.*

**GOOCHS Ltd**

**Brompton Road, London, S.W.3**

*Tube Station: Knightsbridge.*

Buses Nos. 96, 30 and 14 to door.

*Telephone: Kensington 5100*



*J. Savard*

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*(Next door to the Lloyds and Provincial Bank)*

PARIS

*Telephone:*
Gutenberg 50-19

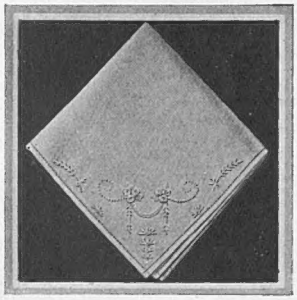
R. C. Seine 16762

*"Sergine."*

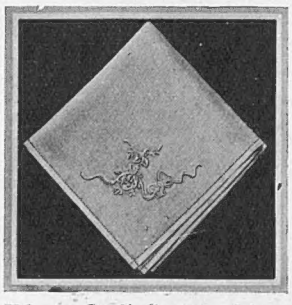


# *Linen Handkerchiefs from Ireland*

PEOPLE write to Robinson & Cleaver's year after year for Linen Handkerchiefs expecting to find the real thing at less money and they are never disappointed.



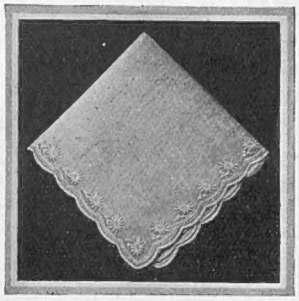
H22 Ladies' fine Linen Handkerchiefs. Embroidered by hand.
Each handkerchief **2/9**



H600 Ladies' fine Linen Handkerchiefs. Beautifully hand Embroidered.
Each handkerchief **4/9**

SC7 Ladies' fine Linen Handkerchiefs Embroidered and Scalloped.

Per doz. **25/6**



PRICE LIST

Send for List No. 44T, showing full range of Ladies' and Men's Handkerchiefs. Sent post free on request. Carriage paid 20/- upwards U.K. Delivery Guaranteed.

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER**
LINEN MANUFACTURERS
LONDON **BELFAST** LIVERPOOL



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# 'Ronoleke'

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THE RONOLEKE GIVES YOU REAL BED COMFORT

RELIEVES PAIN NEURALGIA INFLUENZA CHILLS ETC

**7/-**

FROM CHEMISTS & RUBBER SHOPS

SIZE 12×8

**IT LASTS FOR YEARS AND NEVER LEAKS**

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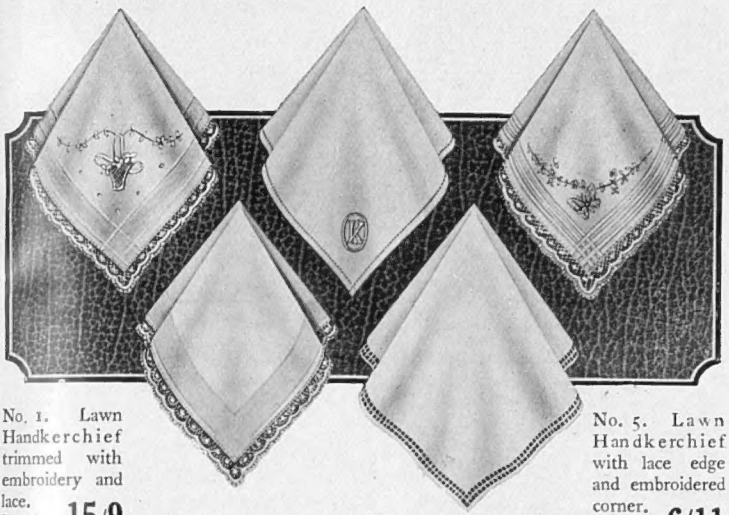
## A Wonderful Selection of Fine Quality HANDKERCHIEFS

The Xmas Season has now opened at Dickins & Jones and one of the chief attractions is the fine display of handkerchiefs. A few examples are here illustrated :—



No. 1. Lawn Handkerchief trimmed with embroidery and lace. Per doz. **15/9**

No. 2. Lace edge Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs, as sketch. Per doz. **4/6**

No. 3. Irish Linen Initial Handkerchiefs about 11½ inches square. Per doz. **6/11**

No. 4. Ladies' Hemstitched Irish Linen Handkerchiefs with two rows of veining. Per doz. **8/11**
Also with four rows of veining, Per doz. **11/6**

No. 5. Lawn Handkerchief with lace edge and embroidered corner. Per doz. **6/11**

*Bring the children to "The Dolls' Fairyland," now open on the third floor.*

**DICKINS & JONES LTD., REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1**

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## EDGE - RETAINING HOLLOW GROUND BLADES

are comparable to the finest straight razor. They are made of the same fine steel, hand-forged by expert workmen, and have the same thickness, power and lasting qualities.

Wilkinson Blades are economical—a few quick strokes in the Automatic Stropper and they are as keen as ever; not thrown away after the first shave like the thin wafer type of blade. Get a Wilkinson to-day and enjoy a perfect shave every day in the week.

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

*Manufactured by*
THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD., 53, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
T. H. RANDOLPH, *Managing Director.* *Works:* ACTON, W.4

Set with 7 Hollow Ground Blades, each etched with a day of the week, Adjustable Shaver Frame, Automatic Stropper, Setting or Honing Handle, in handsome oak case, as illustrated - **42/-**

Sets as opposite with 3 Hollow Ground Blades - - **25/-**

Other sets at **8/6** and **15/6**

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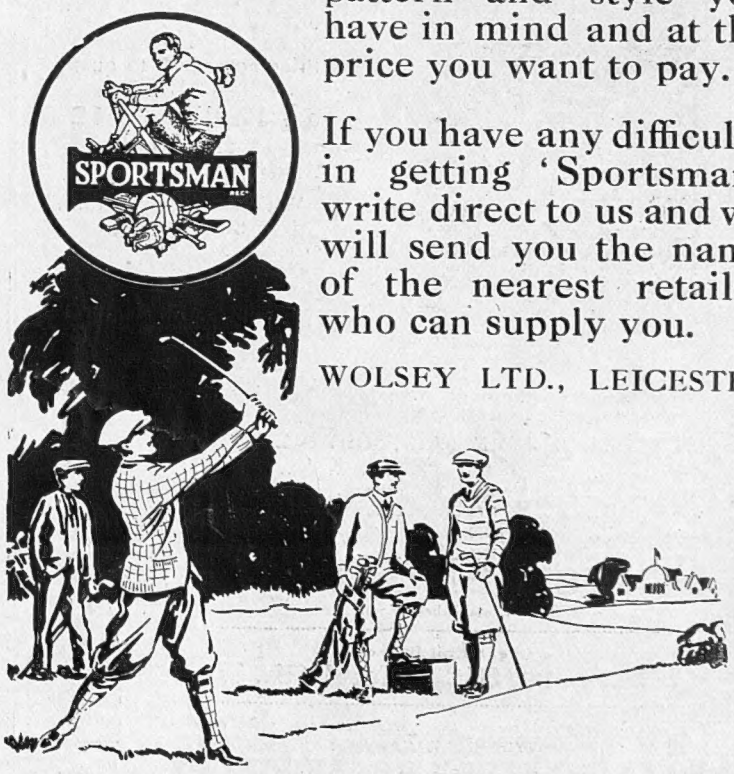
If you have any difficulty in getting 'Sportsman' write direct to us and we will send you the name of the nearest retailer who can supply you.

WOLSEY LTD., LEICESTER

*Ask for it by name. This Trade Mark is on every garment.*




C.F.H. 1a

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Here's a value in leather coats that you will go far to equal. In Tans and Browns, lined Tweeds, with full collar of Natural Wallaby. £5.0.0

## HARRODS

*Ladies' Leather Coats—First Floor*

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

# Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

*WELL-TAILORED*
## CLOTHES
*FOR LITTLE BOYS' WEAR*

*Exclusive in design and made in our own workrooms from best quality materials.*

***Little Boy's Suit*** *in good quality Ivory crêpe-de-Chine, with ruffles edged narrow coloured bind in Blue or Cherry. Blouse lined silk.*

| | Price |
|---|---|
| *Size from 2 years.* | *79/6* |
| *" " 3 "* | *84/6* |
| *4 to 5 years* | *89/6* |

*This model can be copied to order in coloured crêpe-de-Chine, or with velveteen knickers and silk blouse.*

*New Season's Catalogue post free on request.*

*HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.*

## TRANSFORMATIONS of BEAUTIFULLY SOFT, GLOSSY, WAVY HAIR.

***Impossible to Detect.***

Price according to quantity of Hair,
**£4 17 6, £3 12 9, £2 10 9.**

With absolutely Natural Skin Parting,
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Toupet with Natural Skin Parting, **£2 10 9**

**Every description of Ornamental Hairwork undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.**

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| 16 in. | 5/9 | 24 in. | 22/9 |
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## FROCK
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**TEA DANCE FROCK** in handsome metal brocade, giving the new silhouette with the long tunic, having the velvet bouffant to tone over an underskirt which is mounted on silk, finished at side with self bow.

In good shades of plain or multi colours, also black/silver.

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OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

'ROSYTH'
Fine lustrous Velour with a mottled effect in a variety of shades. Colours: Drabs and Fawns. 59/6

*A selection of Hats will be sent on approval.*

BY APPOINTMENT BY APPOINTMENT

105-107-109 OXFORD ST-W



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For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie, and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

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PRICE **29/6**

In Mauve, Sky, Pink, Lemon or Coral, **35/9**

In heavy quality Japanese silk. In White only, **29/6**

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FOR CASH OR ON EASY TERMS
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Jelks' Huge Emporium, stocked full with thousands of specimens of finest Second-hand Furniture, is a revelation to those who have never paid a visit to inspect this wonderful display. Everyone revels in beautiful furniture for the home, and it is in endless variety at W. Jelks & Sons' great establishment.

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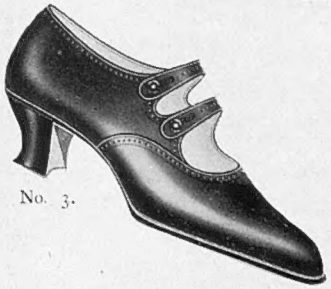
Also in silver or old gold tinsel **25/9**
Domes extra.

It is easy to make comfortable shoes just as it is easy to make smart ones. But it needs such skill as Goochs long experience gives them to combine smartness and good fitting, and yet to retain a low price level.

No. 2.

No. 2. **Black Suède Calf Promenade Shoe,** smart long shape with Louis XV heel. ½ sizes 3½ to 7.
Price **39/6**



No. 3.

No. 3. **Smart Walking Shoe** in good shade of brown willow calf, with leather heel and strong welted sole. ½ sizes 3 to 8.
Price **45/-**
Black box calf same price.

GOOCHS Ltd
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*From our Ground Floor Millinery Department.*

***ATTRACTIVE HAT*** *in Black panne edged bound velvet, finished net cage, veil and mount. In all Black, Black and Brown.*

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Whether it is in Town, in the Country, for Sport, for Motoring, whenever there's weather to be faced, a "Burberry" ensures more protection and greater comfort than any other coat.

Model B 113

## BURBERRY OVERCOATS

made in the finest wool materials, provide a haven of luxurious warmth on wintry days, without being heavy or burdensome, and in addition,

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special process, they turn any amount of wet without sacrifice of the natural ventilation which hygienic authorities demand as essential to health and well-being.

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display of new models for Men, Women and Children, at Haymarket,
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*MANNEQUIN PARADES: 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5 p.m.*

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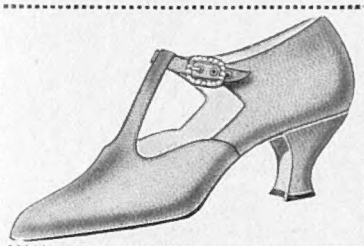
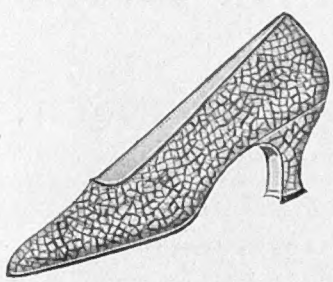
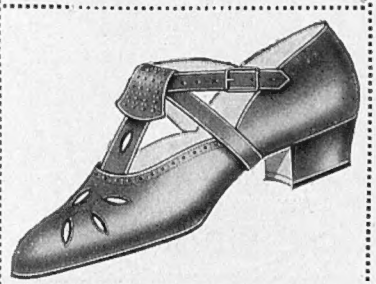
*Burberrys Ltd*

# Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge







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*AT MODERATE PRICES*

***Old Gold Tinsel Sandal Bar Shoe,*** *medium toe, Paris heel, also in oxidised silver.*

*PRICE* 35/9

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***Tan Willow Calf Sandal Shoe,*** *low heel, also in patent leather black or grey suede.*

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The
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# Aquascutum

THE pure new wool self-ventilating weatherproof which has superseded all others since 1851. Soft, smooth, light, lustrous, inodorous and imperishable, 'Scutum Coats combine without compromise a reliable rainproof and a free-swing dust-coat for sunny days - **6 Gns.**

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By Appointment to H.M. The King and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

Elsewhere there are coats higher-priced than the 'Scutum—that's extravagance. There are coats cheaper than the 'Scutum—that's "penny-wise"; the truth of each can be measured by the Aquascutum booklet and patterns gladly sent on mention of "Bystander."

Agents in most towns. In New York:
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**Weatherproof Specialists since 1851.**

**126, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.**

# Still wonderful after more than 30 years

## The Sunlight way of washing never yet equalled

The Sunlight way of washing was invented to do away with two washday bogies—boiling and scrubbing. Follow the directions on the Sunlight packet—soap, roll, steep, rinse. Don't weaken the fibres of the cloth by boiling. Don't wear out yourself and the clothes by scrubbing.

The Sunlight way of washing has never yet been equalled although tested and retested in homes throughout the world.

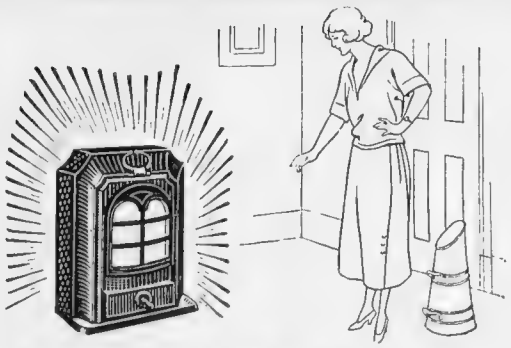
Each bar of Sunlight Soap bears a £1,000 guarantee of purity, a guarantee that is expressed in straightforward language, which cannot be misunderstood. Over thirty years ago Sunlight created a revolution in soapmaking, and the guaranteed purity of Sunlight made it the standard with which all other soaps were compared.

In these days of exaggerated claims, Sunlight continues to hold first place, because it has kept faith, because it has always maintained the quality which alone determines the effectiveness of soap in the hard practical test of washday.

Use Sunlight and you have settled the problem of washing clothes once and for all. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

# Sunlight Soap

S 474—34



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An "ESSE" Stove is more than ornamental—it is the most efficient method of home heating—and the cheapest, costing only from

**ONE FARTHING PER HOUR.**

Patent "ESSE" Stoves are continuous burning stoves using Anthracite (Britain's Sunshine Coal) or other smokeless fuel. They require only a few minutes' attention once or twice for 24 hours; give more healthy heat at much less cost, and with greater safety from all risks than any other kind of stove or grate.

**KEEP SUMMER WARMTH THE WINTER THRO'**

Prices from: Plain, £4 . 9 . 0; Enamel Finish, £5 . 18 . 6.

Ask your Ironmonger or Stove Dealer for a copy of the interesting Book of the "ESSE" or we will post direct to you with name of the nearest "ESSE" dealer.

*Sole Patentees and Manufacturers,*

**SMITH & WELLSTOOD, LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.**

With Showrooms at LONDON, LIVERPOOL, EDINBURGH and GLASGOW.

ESSE

## "STUDINGTON" *HAND-TAILORED OVERCOATS*

possess character and individuality which is built right into them from the selection of the yarn up to the completed garment.

The foundation is the famous "Studington" Coating noted for its unique designs, rich colourings, firm texture and exclusive patterns.

The Architecture is by competent capable designers.

The Building is by specialists, men who only make overcoats.

The result is satisfaction to the buyer.

READY FOR SERVICE

**From 6½ Guineas**

*Extract from "Efficiency Magazine"*

"The most famous top coats in the world are made by Studd & Millington, Ltd., of Conduit St."

**STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED**

MAKERS OF GOOD CLOTHES

51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.
67-69, CHANCERY LANE, HOLBORN, W.C.
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## *Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge*

*DISTINCTIVE KNITTED*

## *COAT*

***Exclusive Selection of Novelty Wrap Coats,*** *which are of a popular feature this season made entirely by hand, in beautiful Tapestry designs, in most artistic colourings, coat (as sketch) is a typical example and is lined throughout with Crepe de Chine, the collar and cuffs are of clipped wool.*

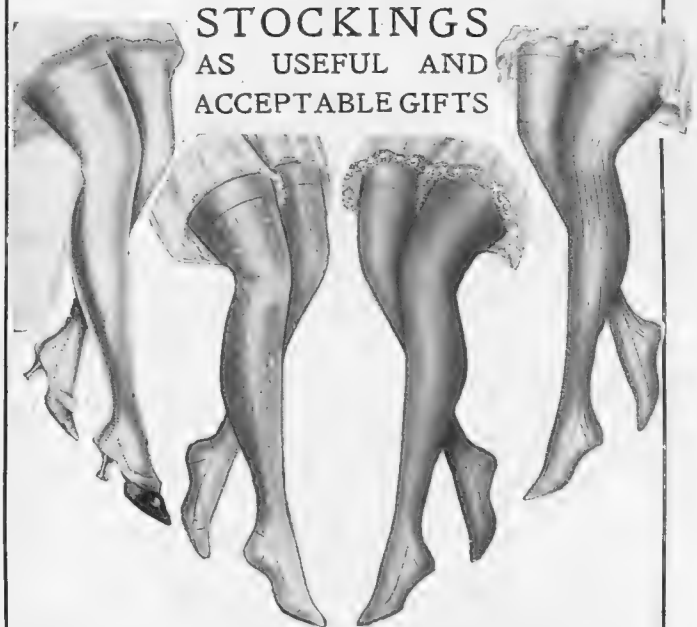
*PRICE*

*18½ Gns.*

*HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1*



## STOCKINGS AS USEFUL AND ACCEPTABLE GIFTS



Fine Unweighted Pure Silk Lace Clocks, French manufacture in 40 evening shades. **13/9** per pair.

K. 59. Fancy Check All-Wool Stockings as sketch, in Brown, Grey, Fawn, Sand and Natural, with Marl of White in each. **5/6** per pair.

K. 68. Best Botany Cashmere, two-fold long staple yarn, fashionable tops, for hard wear, in Black, Nude, Putty, Sand, Beaver, Coating, Tan, Nigger and Grey. Sizes 8½ to 10½. **4/9** per pair.

Exceptional offer in broad ribbed Spun Silk in Black, Putty, Fawn, Light Beaver, Dark Beaver, Brown, Grey, Sand and Nude. Size 8½ to 9½. **11/9** per pair. Size 10 ins., **12/-** per pair.

*Sent on approval.*

*Catalogue Post Free.*

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1

SINGER FOR SATISFACTION

SINGER FOR ECONOMY

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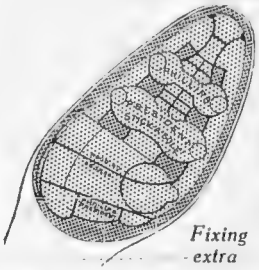

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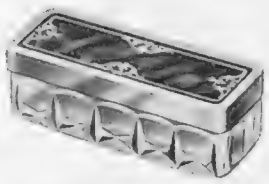

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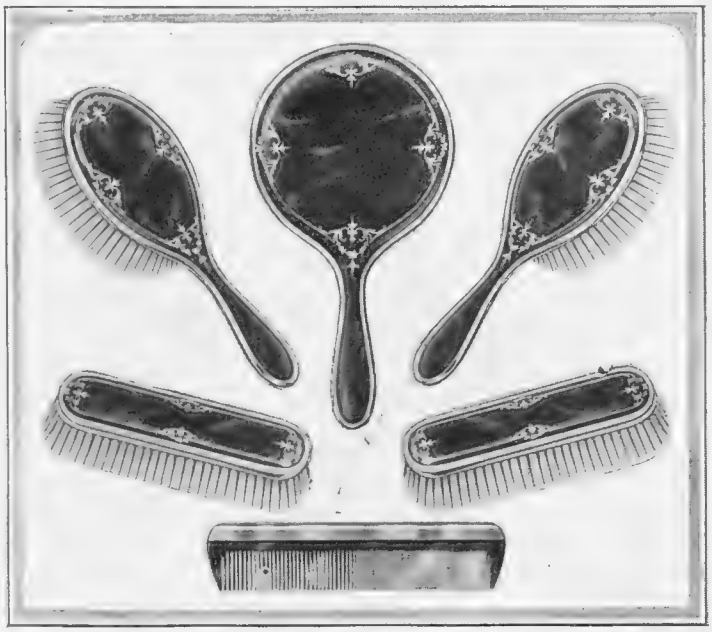

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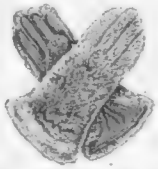
Made from selected skins that have been carefully tested and examined, and perfectly cut and finished. Can be thoroughly recommended for serviceable wear.

**Mocha Leather Gloves** (*as sketch*) made from soft durable skins. In dark grey, brown and beaver.
Price **7/6** per pair.



**Natural Coney Fur Gloves** (*as sketch*) with dark tan cape palms, elastic wrists.
Price **11/9** per pair

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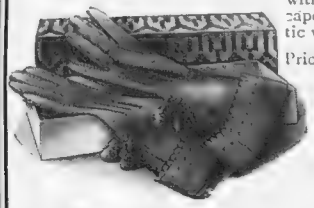
Price **14/9** per pair.



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Ditto in mahogany case . . . . **£30 10 0**

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4. Hand painted Taffeta Silk Pendant Shade, black and gold Chinese design. Cream, Buff, Yellow, Mauve, Rose.
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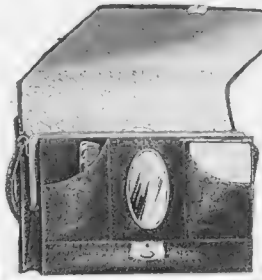

8. Very practical Morocco Leather Bag, very roomy double inner division a full opening, length of bag at back, protected with leather strap and fastener. Fitted comb, mirror and tablet. Lined Ripple Calf leather. In Black and Nigger
**39/6**

13. Practical Peggy Bag in morocco leather lined suede. Inner division. Fitted purse and mirror, in Brown and Black.
Two sizes:
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Ditto in best quality seal leather,
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HARRODS

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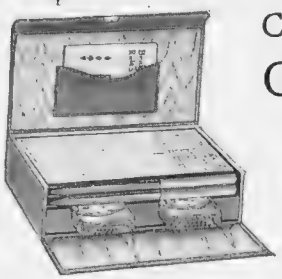

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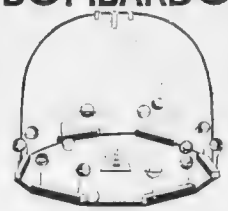

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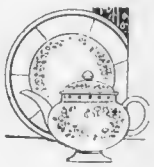

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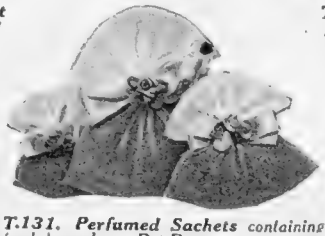

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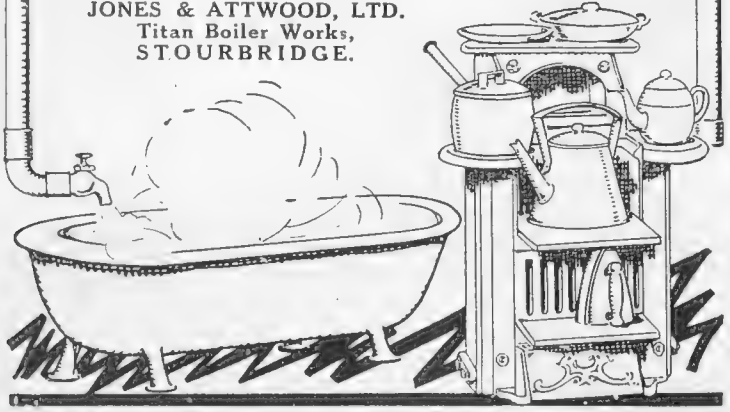

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H. RUHL, *Man. Director.*

The Bystander, November 19, 1924

No. 1094. Vol. LXXXIV.

# The BYSTANDER

Photos. A.S.A.

Drawing by Bud Fermant

"BUBBLY"

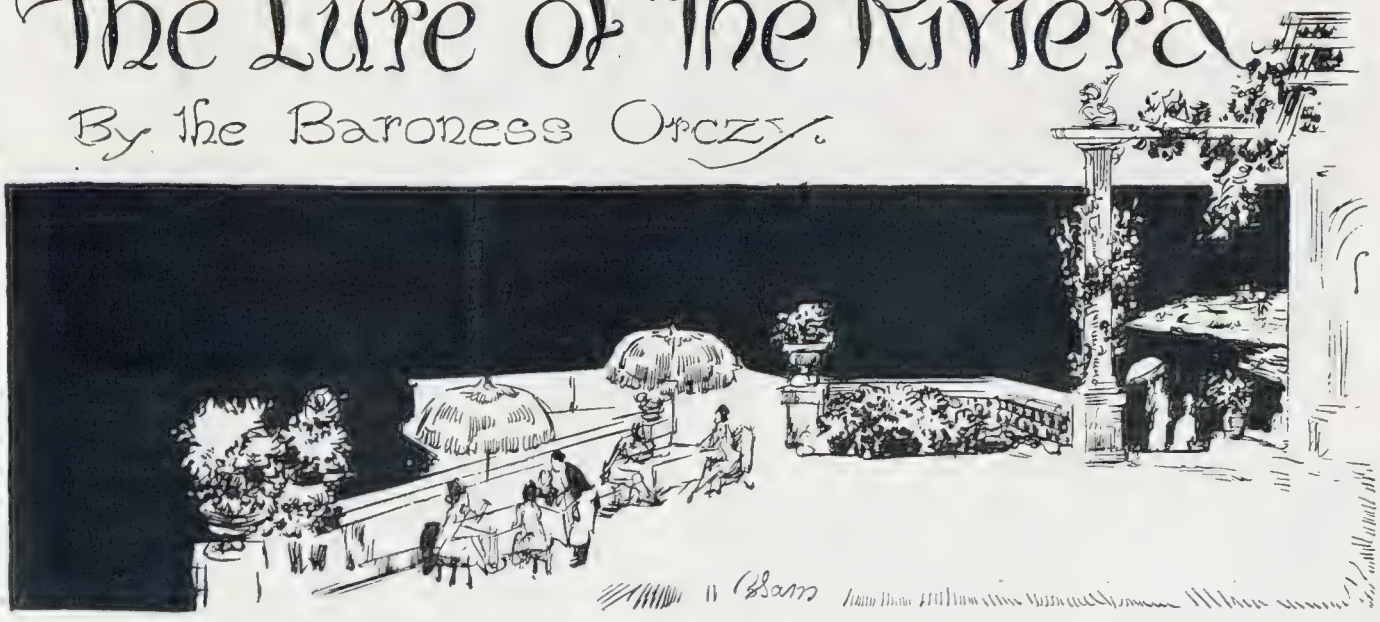
A.S.A.

**A RIVIERA NIGHT SILHOUETTE**

A picturesque view of the old town at Cannes seen at night through the palms in the Hotel Continental Gardens

# The Lure of the Riviera

By the Baroness Orczy



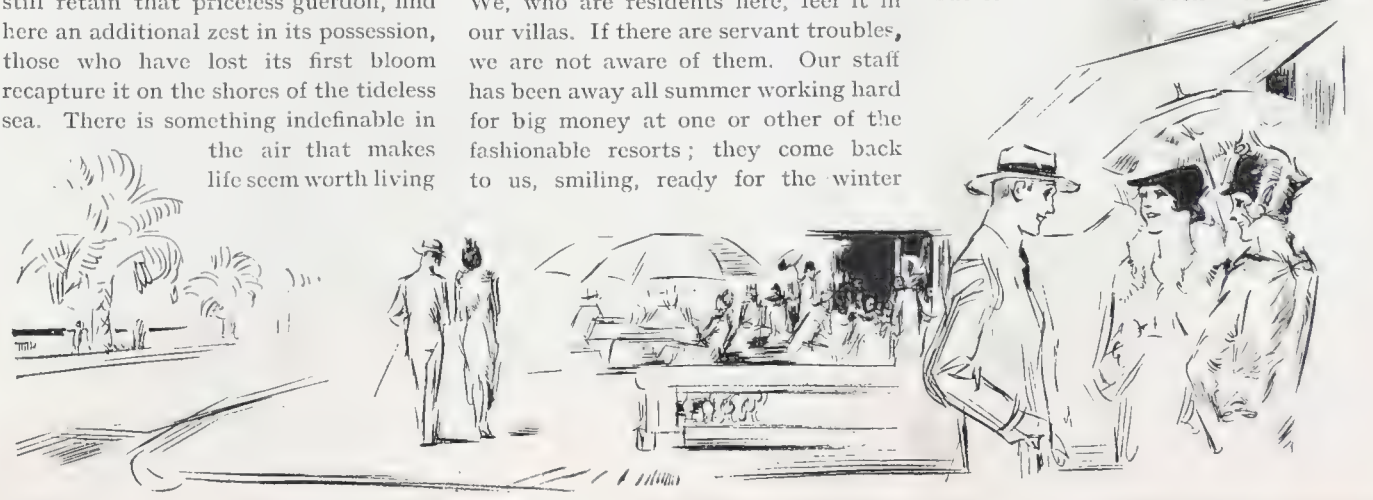
ILLUSTRATED BY BLAM

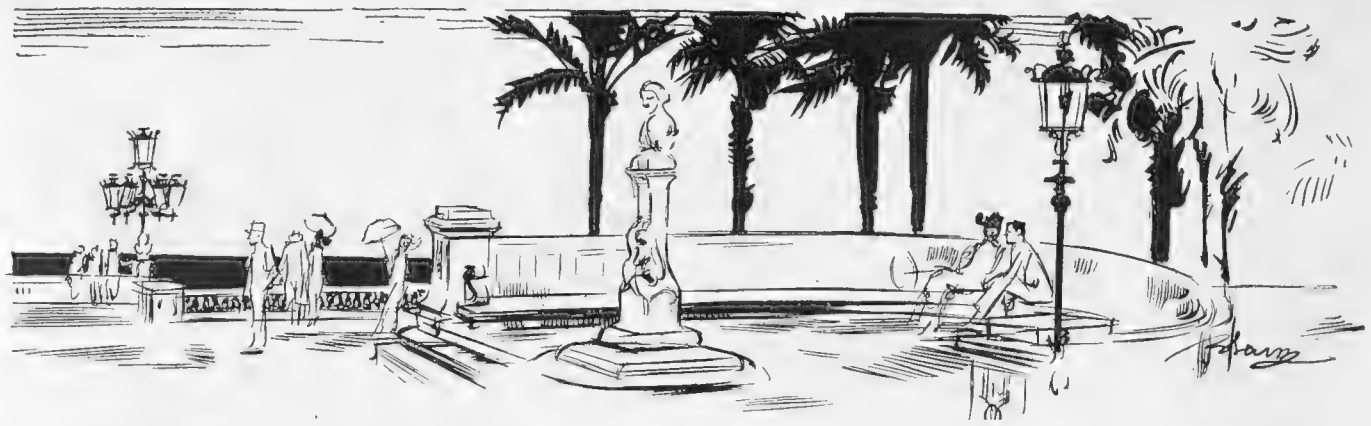
If, when December comes knocking at the door, you ask your friends, who are running round from the American Express Company to Cook's, and from the office of the P.L.M. to that of the Sleeping Car Company in search of sleeping accommodation on the Train Bleu, why they have such a mad desire to go to the Riviera, nine out of ten will tell you that they are sick of English grey skies and go to find the sunshine. Don't you believe them! It isn't that a bit. It isn't only the sunshine that they go to seek. Of course, the sunshine is lovely and there is plenty of it down there, but there is also sunshine in Spain and in Italy, in Portugal or Greece, and yet to those places travellers flock in their hundreds whilst to the Riviera they go in their thousands.

Let me tell you why that is. Travellers and residents don't know it themselves, but the reason why they love the Riviera is because it is the Land of Youth. Those who still retain that priceless guerdon, find here an additional zest in its possession, those who have lost its first bloom recapture it on the shores of the tideless sea. There is something indefinable in the air that makes life seem worth living to the young, that puts vitality and joy into the middle-aged. Just watch the dancing at the Café de Paris or the Carlton. There are no old men, no middle-aged women; there *are* men with grey hair or no hair at all, there are women whose figures have lost their *svelte* contour, but they are not old. There is elasticity in their movements, joy of living in their sparkling eyes. They laugh, they shout, they blow tin whistles and throw confetti about. Bless their hearts! they have recaptured youth; they are boys and girls, merry, care-free, happy.

It is remarkable how anxieties of income-tax and high cost of living and worry of every kind fall away in the early morning as soon as ever the Train Bleu has steamed out of Marseilles, and whether you pitch your tent at Hyères or at Cannes, at Nice, Monte Carlo, Menton, or anywhere else on the coast, that same feeling of lightheartedness will overtake you. Nothing seems to matter on the Riviera. We, who are residents here, feel it in our villas. If there are servant troubles, we are not aware of them. Our staff has been away all summer working hard for big money at one or other of the fashionable resorts; they come back to us, smiling, ready for the winter season, willing, obliging, wholly inefficient, but what does that matter? This is the Riviera and we are young, all of us; if the *femme de chambre* has no idea how to dust, and the *valet de chambre* no idea how to keep his silver clean, what in the world does it matter? It matters in England, but not here. Bless your heart! Our friends who stay in the luxurious hotels are delighted to come and have a "homey" meal in our villas, and we shouldn't dream of feeling awkward because the *femme de chambre* doesn't wear a cap when she hands round the vegetables.

The number of English residents all along the coast grows by leaps and bounds every year. Cannes and Menton have become English seaside places. During the season on the Terrace at Monte Carlo little else but English is heard. I have heard the Riviera described recently as "a sunny spot for shady people"; but it must have been





a very jaundiced person who invented that phrase, one who never had any youth to recapture. Where the "shady people" hide themselves I do not know. I have never seen them. But I have seen and I do know practically every member of the devoted English colony at Monte Carlo who have worked so hard to get their church built. And it is a charming church, not, perhaps, a marvel of architectural beauty, but it has been brought about by the exercise of loving thought and untiring efforts. The foundation-stone was laid last year by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who has taken the keenest interest in the building, and H.R.H. was on that solemn occasion accompanied by Her Serene Highness the Hereditary Princess of Monaco. This was all the more remarkable as the reigning princely family of Monaco are Roman Catholics, and all those who have studied and who understand the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church towards the Anglican will appreciate the signal compliment which Their Serene Highnesses desired to pay to the English colony in the Principality; and it was a great day for Monte Carlo, as it had been without an English church for so long, though Cannes, Beaulieu, Menton and Nice all have had theirs for years.

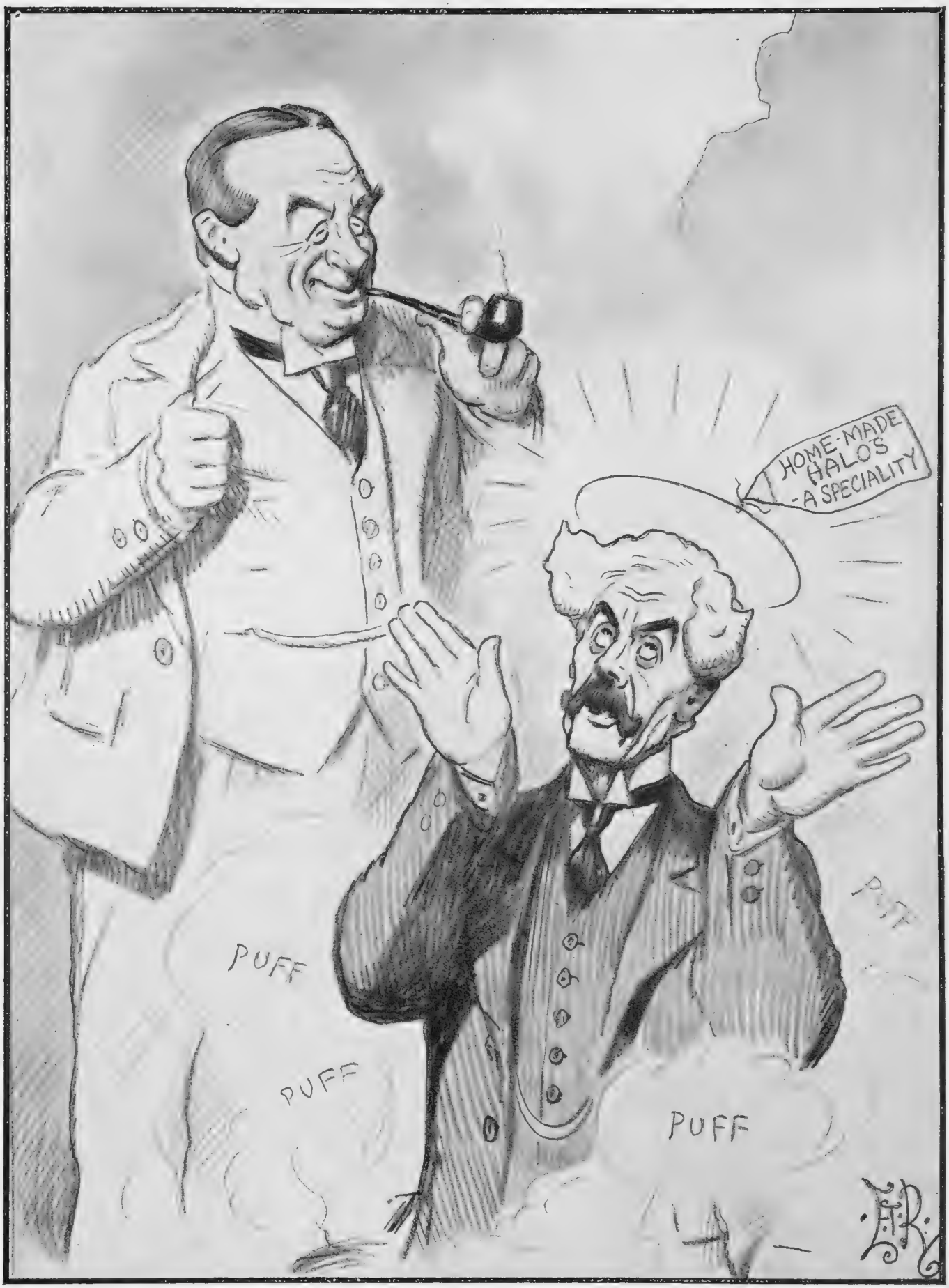
And so, though you may enjoy your gamble at the Casino and Sporting Club, your dancing at the Ambassadeurs or the Café de Paris, you can also be highly respectable and thoroughly English by going to church on Sundays. For the Riviera is also a world of contrasts. You can spend thousands a week in one of the luxurious hotels, or you can pay 40 frs. a day for excellent pension; you can promenade on the Terrace at Monte Carlo, or the sea-front at Cannes, dressed in the latest creation of Molyneux or Reville, or you can put on your oldest coat and skirt and go roaming about the old rock of Monaco, or climb up to picturesque Eze or wander along the lovely Gorbio valley; you can stay up all night tossing louis on the tables, losing or winning a young fortune at *chemin de fer*, or you can ask your friends to join you at a game of Mah-Jongg at 50 centimes a hundred points.

You can stay up half the night at Casino or dancing-hall, and come home in the small hours, when the honey-coloured moon hangs, mysterious, over the Tête de Chien, smiling at human follies and human strivings; or you can curl up in a big armchair and go to sleep over the latest English novel or a pile of illustrated papers from London. On the Riviera you can play and you can work; you can live in a perpetual whirl of gaiety, tea-parties, luncheons, gala dinners, or lead the life of a hermit with your family, your dog and your books.

But whatever be your bent, be you poet or artist, man or woman of the world, or mere individual without any fads or predilections, once you have been to this land of azure skies and turquoise sea you will come back to it again and again. You will come back to it because in the Train Bleu that brings you, you will shed your cares and your troubles, and when you step out on to the platform at whichever railway station you have selected, you will leave behind you everything that makes for old or middle-age. With both hands you will grasp youth again and he will become yours once more: girlhood, boyhood will no longer be of the past: youth will creep into your spirit and into your soul, as well as into your body; you will dance half the night through and feel no fatigue, and when you dine with your friends at any of the galas you will wear paper caps and blow trumpets and penny whistles and do all the silly and jolly things that you thought were behind you for ever.

Sam

# "Trumpeter, What Are You Sounding Now?"




*BY E. T. REED*

RAMSAY (*descending through trap*): "We go down as the most beautiful, high-minded, successful government ever seen. Never has such handling of Foreign Policy been seen. Never—"

BALDWIN: "Well, we *generally* leave others to say all that, but in *your* case, perhaps it *is* safer to say it yourself"

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

### Three Weeks

LET me admit at once that, so far as this Special Riviera Number is concerned, it is a shame to take the money. We have all spent three wonderful weeks—such as Elinor Glyn never dreamed of; we have climbed mountains in powerful cars and basked in the sun of the Côte d'Azur. Famous hotels have opened their doors with the sole object of accommodating us; we have bathed in the Mediterranean when you couldn't see across the Strand for fog—and for the net result of all these delights we are charging you, dear reader, a shilling. As I say, it's a shame!

### The Five Towns

THE night after we landed at Dover I dreamed that I had bought Monte Carlo and brought it to Mayfair. In my dream all went well, until I started to plant a palm tree in Park Lane, when the crowd was so great that a policeman arrested me for causing an obstruction; and when, in the best Riviera manner, I told one of my patrons that he was right and I was wrong, I was packed off to a lunatic asylum. The Riviera has many charms, and one of these is that the visitor is always right. Immediately you set foot in the Principality or in any of the five towns for that matter, you can do no wrong. In England, this would be a sign of lunacy—no wonder I woke up.

### A Miniature Monte Carlo

BUT, joking apart, what a fortune awaits the bold speculator who takes over Wembley, and brings the wide world to our very doors. The Palace of Industry could so easily be transformed into a miniature Monte Carlo. It could be supplied with central heating, and an artificial sun could be made to shine on silver seas. The Palace of Engineering would comfortably accommodate the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, and visitors could climb upon blocks of concrete to their hearts' content. As a rule, I make no charge for my suggestions, but I feel that in this case I should receive one per cent. on the gross receipts!

### Just a Suggestion

A VERY canny Scot—all Scots are canny, but this one is particularly so—has given me a suggestion which I pass on to Mr. Baldwin for what it is worth. He says that steps should be taken to make the Conservative Party even more democratic than it is at present by finding a Government post for a genuine working-man. He points out that any ambitious Trade Unionist can aspire to be the leader of the Labour Party, but that his path to promotion is not so clearly defined if he is a Constitutionalist. Therefore, to encourage the others, one of the big posts should be ear-marked for a member of the masses. This would take time, but it might be worth considering.

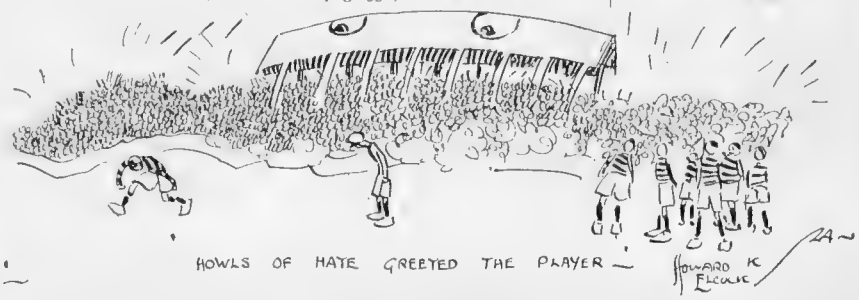
### A Joyous Surprise

WITH the music-hall coming into its own again, wise managers are looking about for possible stars, and the public are establishing new favourites. The best turn I've seen for months—and I don't suggest that I've made a startling discovery—is that provided by Muriel George and Ernest Butcher. These clever people are improving each time I see them, and their treatment of old songs is so artistic that their success with the big public of "the halls" comes as a really joyous surprise to those who have been taught to look upon the variety stage as the stronghold of the obvious or the inane.

### Horrid!

A PROFESSIONAL football match is a rather unusual event in my life, and my last visit—to the home of a London club—did not

(Continued on page 550)




Made and Printed in Great Britain

# The (Extra) Price of Victory: Armistice Night in Town

LAUGH-TIME

A group of revellers at the Hotel Metropole, where a special dinner in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs was followed by the Midnight Follies cabaret show, with Miss Elsa Macfarlane as Britannia—in full (Armistice) warpaint

*Photographs exclusive to* THE BYSTANDER *by G. P. U.*

THE EYES HAVE IT

A show of hands (and faces) at the Piccadilly Hotel, where dancing, cabaret, and cotillon helped to make Armistice celebrations cheerful for a host of pleasure-seekers. (Inset) The scene at the New Princes' Restaurant

RAMSAY'S RIVIERA!

make me anxious to repeat the experience. There, I saw a visiting team baited by the home supporters until the sight nearly made me sick. The referee, poor man, purchased a little brief popularity by sending one of the visitors to the dressing-room, but if he had stopped the match and cleared the ground greater justice would have been done. The howls of hate that greeted the player thus singled out for punishment could not have been more vindictive if the wretched man had killed his mother with an axe—and all because the home team were one down at half-time. Horrid!

**Rather Significant**

MOST of the trouble arises from the fact that football "enthusiasts" stand to win competition money running into big figures on the result of a match. It is rather significant that the delinquent is nearly always a member of the visiting team, and that the trouble begins when the home club is getting the worst of the game. In the case I have mentioned, the man who was "ordered off" had scored for his side—an unpardonable sin in the eyes of the home supporters.

**Killing Crime**

DESPERATE ills call for desperate remedies, as those good folk who are a little startled by the severity of the sentences passed on drunken motor-drivers should remember. We recall, with a thrill of horror, the savage reprisals upon various minor criminals in the old days, but it is as well to remember also that the crimes for which those punishments were not considered excessive have practically ceased to exist. Very rarely does one hear of a horse or a sheep being stolen in a rural district, though the theft of motor-cars is becoming unpleasantly frequent. Unless these motor thieves have a care, we shall be reading of still further activities on the magisterial front.

**Can You Beat It?**

WHAT will the man of the future resemble if the march of progress continues at its present rate? The cinema made inroads upon his sense of hearing, and broadcasting has rendered a similar dis-service to his vision, so that in the future we may expect to be deaf and blind as a result of these organs falling into disuse. Walking will soon be a lost art, and as business men, novelists and others dictate their letters and their books, another faculty promises to go West. Last week a young friend of mine preferred to "see" the Lord Mayor's Show by wireless, when he might have had a window in the Strand. Can you beat it?

**Ridiculous Romford**

ROMFORD has made itself ridiculous by refusing its Infirmary nurses the right to be bobbed. At the risk of having THE BYSTANDER banned in the local public library, I must ask readers to enjoy one long laugh at this silly business. In a year or two Guardians of more enlightened districts will be insisting on the hygienic revolution that Romford now refuses to recognise.

**Pink With Pride**

AT the risk of appearing somewhat *démodé*, we make it a rule not to throw bouquets at ourselves. It's such bad form—and, besides, some bouquets turn out to be boomerangs. Now, however, modesty is reaping its own reward, and we are receiving so many congratulatory messages on last week's Birthday Number (and presumably on our arrival at years of discretion) that we are pink with pride and embarrassment. In our next issue we hope to publish a few of the congratulations sent to us from prominent people—to one and all of whom we tender our grateful thanks.

**Buy Now!**

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused at our announcement of THE BYSTANDER Coming-of-Age Ball that is to be held at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, in conjunction with the famous Chelsea Arts Club. Mr. Philip Connard, A.R.A., is designing the decorations, and a capable committee is at work on "stunts" that will make this Chelsea Arts and BYSTANDER Ball the most noteworthy of a memorable series of successes. The first thousand tickets (most of which have already been sold) have been priced at one and a half guineas (including supper). The second and third thousand are priced at two guineas, and the last thousand may be still further increased in price. To-day's rate of exchange is the best!

*Sport and General*

**MINISTERS AT THE CENOTAPH**

**Members of the new Cabinet at the foot of the Cenotaph in Whitehall on Armistice Day. The photograph was taken just before the Great Silence**

# WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

## Royalty and the Cinema

THE visit of the King and Queen to the Marble Arch Pavilion to see the film of the taking of Zeebrugge is their Majesties' first public recognition of the cinema, although I suppose it must be close on thirty years since the "pictures" became part of our daily life. But this cannot be construed into a lack of interest in what one can safely describe as the chief amusement of the majority of their subjects. The Royal interest is shown by the fact that the King and Queen have a private cinema of their own.

Cinemas are not like theatres. Comparatively few of them have private boxes—at the Marble Arch Pavilion a special one was built for the Royal visit. Then, there is the length of the performances. It is practically impossible for the King and Queen to visit a cinema *à l'improviste* as they so frequently visit a theatre. Special arrangements have to be made. These in the case of a film of national interest, like that of the taking of Zeebrugge, have no significance beyond showing the Royal interest in matters of patriotism, but for an ordinary film they might very well be considered as favouritism. Hence the reason probably, why the King and Queen have not paid a public visit to a cinema before the present year of grace.

*Central Press*

**"REMEMBERING THEM WE SHALL BE BRAVE AND STRONG"**

**His Majesty the King paying homage to the fallen at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day. Standing immediately behind him are the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and Prince Arthur of Connaught**

## The Honours List

NEVER has a departing Prime Minister given so few honours as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Only four and not a title amongst them, for Sir Cecil Hurst, the legal adviser to the Foreign Office, who becomes a K.C.M.G., is already a K.C.B. Mr. William Graham and Mr. Benjamin Spoor, who were respectively Mr. MacDonald's Financial Secretary and Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, are made Privy Councillors. After these there are two C.V.O.'s, one for Mr. Walford Selby, who was private secretary to Mr. MacDonald as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the other for Mr. Charles Duff, Mr. MacDonald's private secretary as First Lord of the

*G. P. U.*

Treasury: Mr. William Graham and Mr. Benjamin Spoor are both Labour Members. The former was once a junior clerk in the War Office; the latter, after serving an apprenticeship in an engineering shop, became a builder's merchant. I wonder if Mr. MacDonald's honours list will serve as a precedent should a Labour Government come in again some day? If it did, it would mean no titles for Labour, only Privy Councillorships which carry social precedence after the eldest sons of barons.

Between these eldest sons and the Privy Councillors there come the Knights of the Garter not holding baronial rank. But it is only once in a blue moon that there is a Knight of the Garter who is not a peer. Viscount Grey of Falloden was the last. He received his Garter whilst he was still Sir Edward Grey.

So, on occasions of high ceremony, Privy Councillors come after the eldest sons of barons and before the Chancellor of the Exchequer; which means that if Mr. Graham and Mr. Spoor and Mr. Winston Churchill were all three asked to the same dinner party, Mr. Churchill would go into dinner after the two new Privy Councillors. Intending hostesses, please note.

*L. N. A.*

THE COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK AND LORD BLANDFORD WITH THE QUORN

*L. N. A.*

LADY MARY CURZON AND MR. A. BULSMITH AT THE QUORN SIX HILLS MEET

### WITH THE QUORN AT SIX HILLS

Despite the restricted areas in Leicestershire, some good runs have been registered by the Quorn since the opening meet. At the Six Hills Meet on Armistice Day there was a kill at Thrussington Grange after a fifty-minute run. Another fox, found in Lord Aylesford's covert, went to ground in Grimston Gorse

### Political Wisdom

APPOINTMENTS to bishoprics, to judgeships, and to the Orders of the Garter, the Thistle and St. Patrick, come in the first instance from the Prime Minister with the approval of the King.

Oddly enough, Mr. MacDonald has had only two opportunities for exercising the Prime Ministerial patronage during his term of office. This constitutes a record. One bishopric, that of Birmingham, has fallen to his appointment, and one judgeship, to which he appointed Mr. Justice Mackinnon: no appointments to the three big Orders, only these two comparatively small fish.

And now he has kept all the possible Labour coronets shut up tightly in the never-never box! Let the disappointed ones think ever so darkly, and let their lady-wives speak ever so bitterly, you and I, who sit serenely outside politics just looking on at the game, must admit that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a wise man. Nothing he could give in departing from office would have placated the people who don't hold his political views. Anything he could give in coronets or baronetcies or knighthoods would have been a bombshell of alienation amongst his very mixed band of followers.

Here you have an instance of political wisdom.

### The Prince's Hunting

THE Prince of Wales has changed his hunting plans. Instead of making

*L. N. A.*

LADY WARRENDER AT SIX HILLS

DOWN WINDSOR WAY [*Alfieri*

**Miss Currie and Miss Battye (wife of the Joint Master) at a meet of the Windsor Draghounds at Stoke Green, near Slough**

Craven Lodge at Melton Mowbray his headquarters he is going to hunt with the Whaddon Chase, and stay with Lord and Lady Dalmeny at Mentmore on the days he does not return to London.

Dalmeny's mother. At her death it passed to Lord Rosebery, who, a year or so ago, handed it over to his eldest son.

Like Waddesdon, Mentmore is

*Sport and General*

**LORD AND LADY DALMENY AND W. BODINGTON (the huntsman) WITH THE WHADDON CHASE PACK**

Mentmore was one of the magnificent houses built by the Rothschilds in Buckinghamshire—Waddesdon was another. The Rothschilds had a great liking for that county. Mentmore was built by Baron Mayer de Rothschild, who left it to his only daughter, Lady Rosebery, Lord entirely French in its architectural design with the *mansarde* roofs you see in the old French châteaux, and like all the Rothschild houses in France, Germany, and Austria, it is crammed with treasures in the way of furniture and pictures, these, too, chiefly French.

### Under the Red Flag

YOUR Bystander didn't go to the party given by M. Rakovsky the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires at Chesham House, because he wasn't asked. And I hasten to add that if he had received an invitation, wild horses and fatted prize-fighters wouldn't have dragged him there.

By all accounts it seems to have been the oddest affair. Very much go-as-you-please, and the usual garments worn at evening receptions were only here and there—very much here and there. Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw were amongst the guests, but perhaps they were in search of inspiration in their

*Sport and General*

**LADY MARY FITZMAURICE AND CAPTAIN GILBEY**

**THE WHADDON CHASE MEETING AT MENTMORE**

Personalities at the Mentmore meet of the Whaddon Chase last week. Two foxes were accounted for and two more lost, one big fellow giving a good roundabout run

literary labours. Mr. Oswald Mosley, son-in-law of my lord Marquis Curzon, was there too. But perhaps he came to seek balm and comfort in the Soviet atmosphere, with the red flag flying from the roof of Chesham House, after his defeat at the poll as a Labour candidate.

I don't know whether Lord Tavistock and Lady Mary FitzRoy were amongst the Soviet guests. Perhaps their sympathies are restricted to the English Labour Party, and don't go out to the followers of Lenin, whose portrait, I am told, was in every room at Chesham House, surrounded by red cloth—a most appropriate colour when you think of all the executions for which he was responsible.

### The Cumberland Silver

THE Duke of Cumberland still seems to be feeling the pinch of hard times, for a second lot of his silver is to be

AT THE MOVIES [*Topical*

**Their Majesties the King and Queen with Lord Beatty at the *première* of the Naval war-film, "Zeebrugge," at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The proceeds of the first night presentation were devoted to the Earl Haig British Legion Fund**

disposed of at Messrs Crichton's in Bond Street. The first lot was sold last year. There are some magnificent specimens of Georgian silver, some of it inherited with the throne of Hanover by Queen Victoria's uncle, Ernest Duke of Cumberland; some taken to Hanover by the Duke himself. Amongst them are four huge soup tureens, which match exactly four silver-gilt tureens at Windsor, and seventy-two silver candlesticks made for George II., at Hanover, in 1740.

Even now a vast store of silver remains at Gmunden, amongst it a complete silver service for 1,000 people. The Hanoverian monarchy was extremely rich, and although Bismarck took the whole of the private fortune—something like £2,000,000—of the last King, the Duke of Cumberland's father, when Prussia annexed the country in 1866, he had so much property outside Germany that the Duke has always been one of the richest Royal persons in Europe.

In pre-war days he lived in great pomp and state at Gmunden. It was odd in a purely Austrian atmosphere to be waited on by servants in the English royal red livery, and to dine off plate bearing our own royal arms How the vast amount of silver at Gmunden was got out of Hanover before Bismarck swooped down and "sequestrated" the Guelph property has never been explained. The weight must have been many tons.

The Duchess of Cumberland is Queen Alexandra's sister, and in their youth was said to rival her in grace and beauty. The Duke of Cumberland's only sister, Princess Frederica of Hanover, for many years had an apartment at Hampton Court, but she gave it up some time before the War, and now lives permanently at Biarritz.

### A Great Lady

THE death of Mrs. Morrell removes one of the outstanding personalities of Oxford. She was one of those rare women in whom beauty of person is combined with beauty of mind. She had the widest sympathies and a deep understanding; thus it was that a diversity of folk were attracted to her beautiful old house, Black Hall in St. Giles's, and made the most interesting society in Oxford.

Mrs. Morrell had lived at Oxford all her life. She was the daughter of a President of St. John's College, and married Mr. Frederic Morrell, the solicitor to the University. Her son, Mr. Philip Morrell, at one time member for Burnley, married Lady Ottoline Bentinck, step-sister of the Duke of Portland.

### A Double Member

SIR GERALD STRICKLAND'S return for Lancaster makes him a member of two Parliaments—one at Westminster, the other in Malta, where he is the Count della Catena. With the approval of his English constituents, Sir Gerald has gone to Malta to attend the session of that Parliament.

For fifteen years Sir Gerald held four successive Governorships in Australia, and it was on his return from New

*Farringdon Photo Co.*

A GLIMPSE AT THE GUILDHALL

**H.R.H. the Prince of Wales with the Lord Mayor, Sir Alfred Bower (left) and Lord Grenfell at the annual festival dinner of the Church Lads' Brigade at the Guildhall. The Prince, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Cadet Force of which the Church Lads' Brigade is an important unit, presided. Lord Grenfell is Governor and Commandant of the Brigade**

*Lafayette*

AN INTERESTING WEDDING GROUP

**Major G. E. Gosling, M.C. (10th Hussars), and his bride, Miss Helen St. Maur, eldest daughter of the late Lord Percy St. Maur and Lady Percy St. Maur, with the best man, Prince Henry (who is in the bridegroom's regiment), and the bridal retinue**

A LEICESTER LOUNGE *[Sport and General*

Lady Broughton and Lord Carlton enjoying a quiet interval during the recent race meeting at Leicester. The racing, on the whole, favoured the layers, the only favourite to win on the second day being that notorious "bookies' friend," Tom Pinch

*Sport and General*

"LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR"

Sir Woodman Burbidge and Sylvia, his daughter, at the recent Altcar Club Meeting at Altcar. Two of Sir Woodman's dogs won their first heat, one achieving a walk-over

South Wales that he threw himself into Maltese affairs, in which he has become the leader of the pro-British party. He has a beautiful old place in Westmorland, Sizergh Castle, and the Villa Bologna at Malta, called after the old family name of the della Catena family.

The Maltese countship came to Sir Gerald some forty years ago through the romantic marriage of his father, a naval officer, with the niece of the last Maltese Count della Catena. At his death the Privy Council decided that Sir Gerald, then Mr. Strickland, should succeed his great-uncle. But he has never used the title outside Malta.

### Two Political Appointments

It was confidently expected that Sir Philip Sassoon would be given some post in the new Government, and his appointment as Under-Secretary for the Air Ministry fulfils the expectation.

His house at Lympne, near Hythe, was the scene of some memorable political gatherings during the Coalition Government, when Sir Philip was private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George, and his sister, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, acted as hostess.

Sir Philip has another house, Trent Park, near Barnet, but he is selling it with all its contents. He has lived there very little, despite its nearness to London, preferring his house at Lympne.

Expectation as to political appointments has not been answered in another direction. Everybody thought Lady Astor would receive a post of some kind, but she hasn't. And, consequently, the only lady member of the Government will be the Duchess of Atholl. Under-Secretaries of State have to be very guarded in their utterances both inside the House and out, and, as we know, Lady Astor's enthusiasms—and the reverse—are apt to find instant and pointed expression. The Duchess of Atholl's appointment is a very happy one.

*Alfieri*

THE HON. Mrs. ARTHUR CRICHTON and LIEUT.-COL. EDGAR BRASSEY

*Alfieri*

LADY MARY STRICKLAND and Mr. STRICKLAND

A "DOUBLE" from CHELTENHAM

The recent steeplechases at Cheltenham proved quite a successful meeting for the backers. Out of the six races on the first day, four favourites did the right thing and won their events

### A Reminder

I told you last week about the three days' "shopping gala" which is to be held at Messrs. Holdron's, in Peckham, in aid of King's College Hospital. But this is to give you another reminder. The days are next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and quite apart from the object—to get something towards clearing off the £40,000 debt on the Hospital—it will be most amusing to see all the ladies who have volunteered to sell, acting as real shop assistants. For the sake of the Hospital I hope a goodly number of you will find your way to Peckham.

### Exhibition Dancing at the Embassy

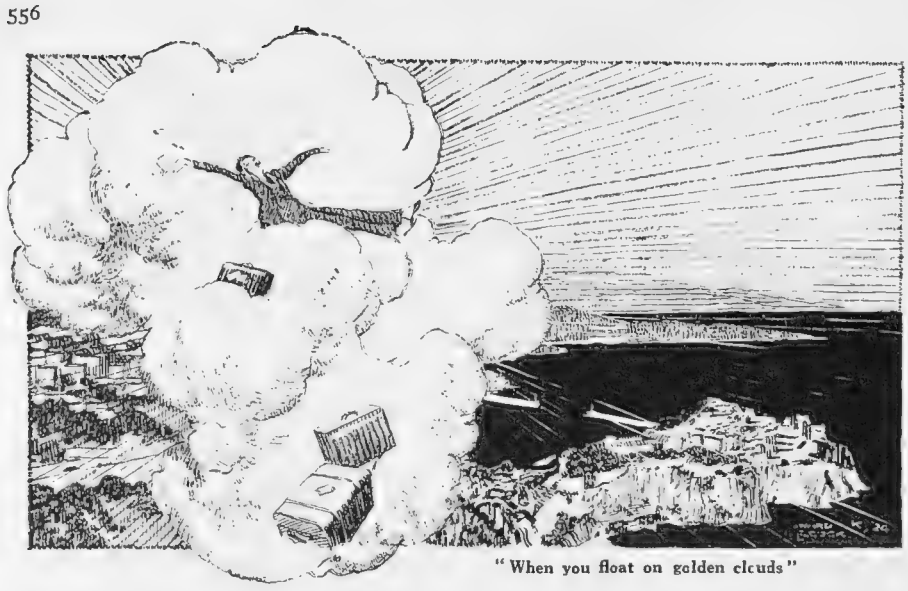
At the Embassy Club, the astute Luigi—who knows the taste of his difficult public better than anyone—is trying out some exhibition dancing in small nightly doses. It is an excellent tonic after meals (especially dinner) if taken judiciously—and not too seriously. The dancers this last fortnight have been Nattova and Myrio, the clever couple from *The Whirl of the World* at the Palladium, whose three excellent numbers are just sufficient to whet the appetite for more. A large audience appreciated their artistic efforts the other night, among whom I noticed Lady Alexandra Curzon, Lady Plunkett (in a charming frock of salmon-pink, the material of which, to masculine eyes at any rate, looked like yet another new form of satin), Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm, and Sir Roderick Jones.

### To Our Readers Abroad

The Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of The Bystander in out-of-the-way places. Photographs will be published, and paid for at the usual photographic rates.

# LET'S PRETEND!

*Illustrated by* HOWARD K. ELCOCK



"When you float on golden clouds"

ON the Continental Boat platform at Victoria at this time of year, you may meet two types of traveller—the eager novitiate, making the trip to the Riviera for the first time, and the rather *blasé* person who has seen it all many times before.

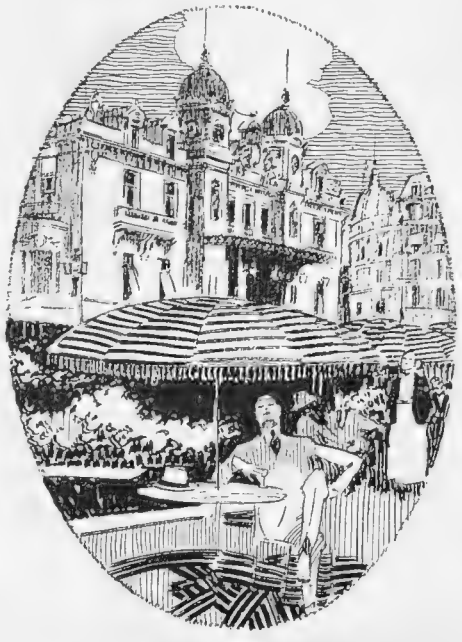
My heart always warms to the happy young people who have based their impressions of the Côte d'Azur on the pictures and descriptions they have seen and read in the annual Riviera Numbers of this BYSTANDER. It must be so wonderful to plunge into the joys of this Golden Land, one's senses all a-quiver with pleasurable anticipation. Yet, there is something to be said, also, for the old hand. He may lose the vivid first impressions but his mind is stored with happy memories, all ready and waiting to play long-forgotten tunes upon his heart-strings, so soon as Paris has been left behind.

HOW splendid, I have often said to myself, if these two points of view could be merged into one—if we, who have our happy memories and our dreams, could re-capture for one fleeting moment the eager anticipation of the first-year folk.

Shall we try? Shall we pretend that this is "the very first time we've done this sort of thing," as a certain famous comedian used to sing at the Gaiety? Shall we pretend that we have never been beyond Paris, and that, thereafter, everything is strange and new? Shall we look at a map of Southern Europe with a new eye—the eye of the ancient geographer, who, when his limited experience failed him, filled in the blank spots with strange hieroglyphics in place of known mountain ranges, rivers and towns? Shall we do this thing? Let us!

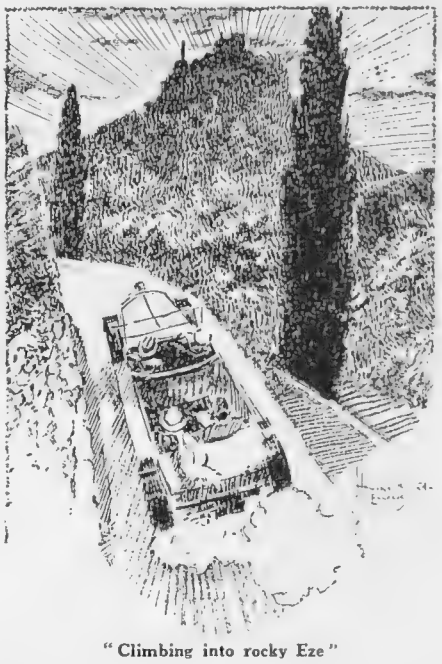
FIRST of all then, you must tuck yourself up and have a good night's sleep to prepare for the excitements of the marvellous morrow. You enter the tunnel of oblivion long before you get to Dijon, and you are wakened at Avignon by the certain knowledge that your bedroom is on fire. Don't be alarmed! That red glare is caused by the morning sun, and the heat is the normal variations in temperature between Paris — and Paradise.

THEREAFTER, if you faithfully love yourself in the world of Make Believe, you will encounter more thrills than would occupy a month of Saturdays spent on the giant racer at Wembley, Marseilles, with its multi-coloured crowds; Toulon, with its first peep at the Mediterranean; St. Raphael and its little sister Valescure; the red rocks and blue seas beyond Agay; Cannes, Nice, Menton, Monte Carlo! Remember, you are seeing them all for the first time. Shock succeeds shock, until you are literally exhausted with these assaults upon your sensibilities. To encounter the Côte d'Azur for the first time is to experience the physical reactions of calf love, when you float on golden clouds and the world is so wonderful that you want to cry.



"You will sip your apéritif in the open"

AND all the time, somewhere in some dark corner of the subconscious mind, lurk memories of long distant doings that you have decided to forget. It is all very well to pretend that you haven't been to the Riviera before, but can you quite erase the memories of that climb into the mountains above Sospel, or those happy days spent upon the scented slopes of Grasse? Very soon, you will be wandering once more through the old-world streets of Vence; climbing into rocky Eze, and sending your mind questing back into the storied past as you stand beside the strange survivals of La Turbie and Tourettes.



"Climbing into rocky Eze"

TO-MORROW morning, you will throw your windows wide and let your very soul float out on the waves of sunshine that beat upwards in a golden glory from the shining surface of this southern sea. You will walk on the Promenade des Anglais, straining your eyes towards distant Corsica. Later, you will sip your *apéritif* in the open; attend a *thé dansant* at one or other of the great hotels, and finally you will try a fall with Fortune at this or that Casino.

If you win—it is well. If you lose, you can shake a finger at Fortune and warn the fickle jade of what awaits her upon the morrow—that happy morrow when the sun will once again beat upwards in golden glory from the shining surface of the southern sea, and you will be free to discover Fairyland all over again.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

## APÉRIT IFS

Cocktail time at the Savoy is always welcome to visitors at Nice. One is grateful to a climate that permits one to linger over an apéritif out-of-doors, the while patrons of t e thé dansant inside glide past the big windows like queer automatons. Perhaps the two principals in this touching little "drama" by Mr. Howard Elcock are *more* than grateful—although a tactful waiter can, of course, always find *something* to look at!

# Chef d'Œuvres

MR. WHEATLEY has for his slogan, "Class Hatred." For this poison we understand that the Tories have an anti-tocsin.

. . . . . .

A CERTAIN restaurant has offered a prize for the best name for its next cabaret entertainment. We might suggest, *Le Dernier Cri*.

. . . . . .

A MRS. ROBERT DARE of Chicago denounces shingling as immoral. Mrs. Bob Dare would seem to belie her name.

. . . .

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER has been exposing bogus musical comedy managers. Chorus girls are warned not to attend their vice trials.

. . . .

THE recent rat extermination week is said to have been highly successful. Up to the present, however, several Moscow envoys are reported to have escaped.

. . . .

THE search for the bones of the late King Harold Harefoot is ridiculed in a German journal. The article, however, is signed, Herr Soop!

. . . .

A MAGISTRATE declares that a boy cannot be bad and red-headed. Perhaps it would make a difference if he were caught red-handed.

. . . .

MR. RUDOLPH VALENTINO has grown a beard. It is reported that the housemaids of two hemispheres have decreed a week's mourning.

"I SHALL never forget the last time my wife saw me with a pair of silk stockings."

"Pretty harmless things, aren't they?"

"Yes, but they were occupied at the time!"

. . . . . .

THE effects of the late M. Landru have just been sold by auction for rubbish prices. And he was once the World's Greatest Sweetheart!

. . . . . .

"I'M going to borrow a tenner from Brown."

"D'you think you'll get it?"

"My boy, it's a gift!"

. . . . . .

Two traders who recently landed on an island off New Guinea were attacked by the natives, and only just escaped with the loss of their trading outfit. They would appear to have left their buy-buy on the shore.

A MAN, convicted of stealing a set of knives, was said to have borne an irreproachable character. The fact, however, that the knives were stainless steel did not help him.

. . . . .

A contemporary has started a correspondence as to the merits of Rugby and Association footer. But surely there can be no agreement when the interest lies in different spheres.

. . . . . .

STATISTICS have just been published showing the convictions for drunkenness in New York during the past year. They make extraordinarily dry reading.

. . . . . .

AFTER RUPERT BROOKE

"The inhabitants of Aberdeen are the most generous in the Empire."—EXTRACTS FROM A SCOTTISH PAPER.

*Ah, wad some power this winter e'en*
*Would waft me hame to Aberdeen;*
*For Londoners are dullish folk*
*Who never make or see a joke;*
*And Oxford, flaunting Learning's banner,*
*Has got a simply rotten Manner.*
*At Cambridge they talk naught but tosh;*
*And Norwich youngsters never wash;*
*The men of York lead shocking lives,*
*And Wigan husbands whack their wives.*
*Brighton is deadly dull, of course;*
*And Worcester flappers give you sauce*
*In Blackburn they just whine and wheedle;*
*At Redditch people get the needle.*
*Devizes sets my blood congealing;*
*And oh, the folks who live in Ealing!*
*But Aberdeen! ah, Aberdeen!*
*Where all is wondrous sweet and clean;*
*Where money is a thing to spend,*
*And where I've left my "closest" friend!*
*Where no one ever cares a hang*
*If any saxpences go bang;*
*And no one (bet your boots upon it)*
*Has got a bawbee in his bonnet!*
*That is the place where I would be,*
*Where all is open, frank and free.*

. . .

*Stands the old city like a king?*
*(Stands anybody anything?)*

HARTLEY CARRICK

FASHION FEATURES

By HAROLD EARNSHAW

**A contemporary declares that the fashion decree for the coming winter will be "faceless" women. Our artist here gives his idea of what may happen if men follow suit**

# Some Picture Cards from Two Packs

THE HON. ADELAIDE BIDDULPH (left) AND THE HON. MARY BIDDULPH

MRS. IAN BULLOUGH

MRS. ALBRIGHT (left), LADY MARY STRICKLAND AND MR. STRICKLAND

*Topical*

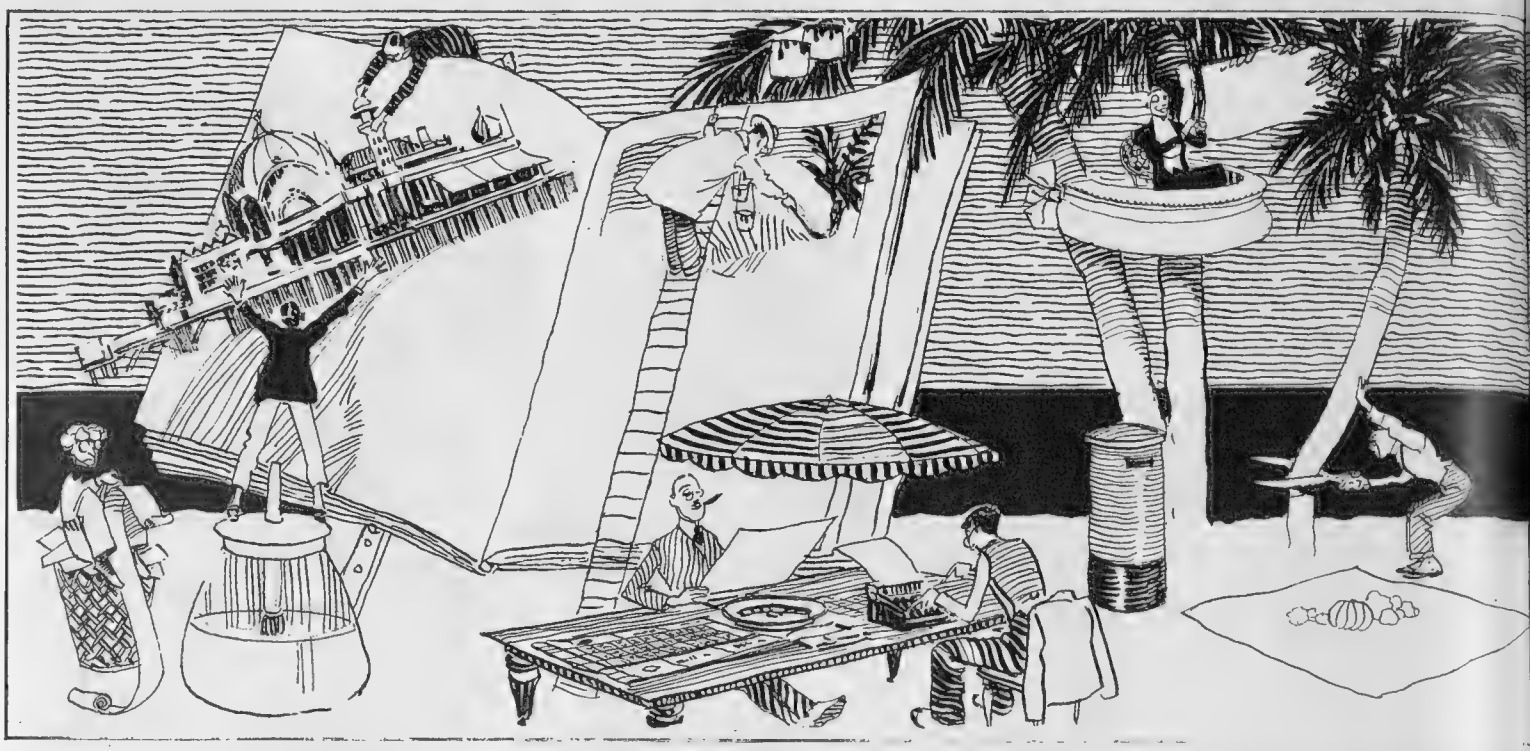
Some followers of the Ledbury at the opening meet, which was held at Sir George Bullough's seat at Down House, Redmarley

THE HON. BARBARA FRANKLIN (left) AND MISS BETTY SURTEES

MRS. KENYON-MITFORD (left), LADY LECONFIELD AND THE HON. MRS. HAROLD PEARSON

*G. G. Garland*

The Cowdray is one of the largest of the South Country packs, hunting forty couples. Some followers are seen above at the recent meet which was held at Midhurst Park, Lord Cowdray's seat



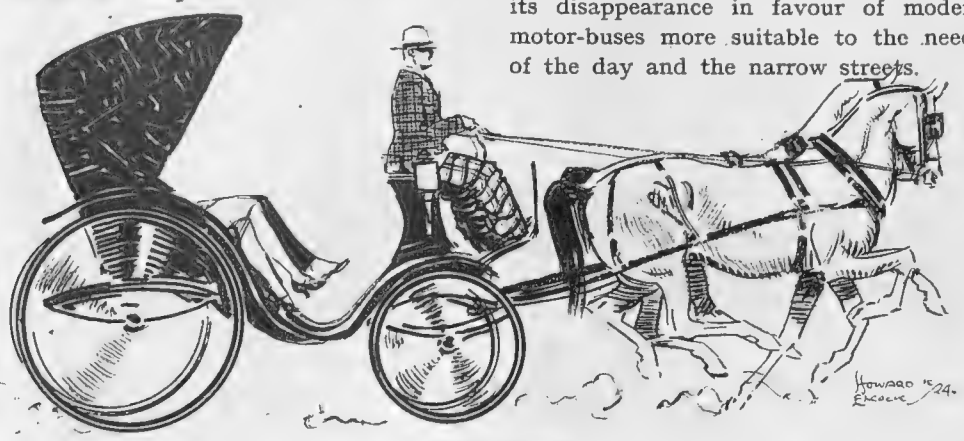
*Building The Bystander Riviera Number*

# PROSPECTS *of the*

ONLY those who know the French Riviera well can realise what a phenomenal increase there has been during the past few years in its world-wide popularity. Any one who has not been there recently would be astonished at the amazing growth of the district, the thousands of new villas which have been built, the countless first-class hotels, and the enormous number of winter visitors and residents. It is certain that between Hyères and Menton this winter there will be few empty houses, if any, and the natives will be wearing a prosperous and contented air, quite natural and fast becoming permanent.

THIS proud position the Riviera is never likely to lose, for no possible alternative exists within twenty-four hours or so of London. The railway service is being again extended to cope with the traffic after the experience of last season, when the luxurious Blue Trains were unable to accommodate all the passengers who wanted to reserve berths. At each of the resorts visitors will find numerous improvements have been carried out since last May, for the colossal sums of money spent then have enabled the various municipalities to realise at last some of their long-postponed schemes.

THE season of 1923-4, of course broke all previous records for prosperity, and in consequence during the past summer tens of millions of francs have been spent on road repairs, street lighting, drainage, and other matters, the benefit of which will be fully appreciated this season. In Cannes, for instance, most of the roads in the town are now laid down in bitulithe, with the regrettable exception of the Rue d'Antibes, which, unfortunately, is not under the control of the municipality; while a new system, on the most up-to-date lines, for the collection of domestic refuse and street cleaning will come into operation at the beginning of December. New traffic regulations are being adopted for the relief of the traffic congestion while the tramway service is being entirely renovated—although every visitor would welcome its disappearance in favour of modern motor-buses more suitable to the needs of the day and the narrow streets.



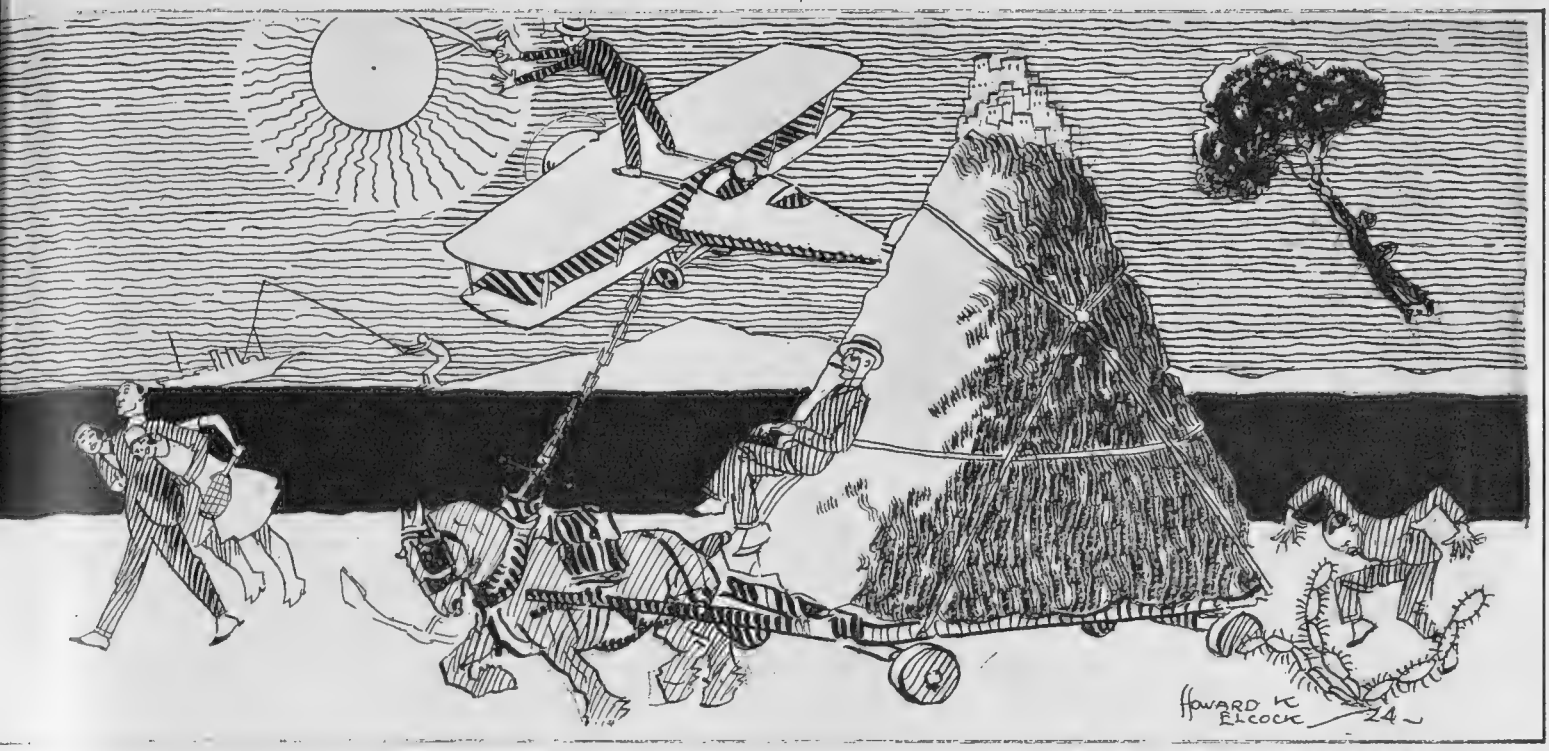
"Pair et Impair"

*E. Navello*

**CAUGHT ON COURT**
**Miss Mary Garden, the well-known American dancer, photographed between sets on the Monte Carlo hard courts**

THE international tennis tournaments will this year be on an even larger scale than before. They commence early in December at the Parc Imperial at Nice, when the still unbeaten Suzanne Lenglen has promised to make her first appearance in public since the illness that caused her retirement at Wimbledon.

CANNES is the home of polo on the Continent, and the three playing fields at Mandelieu are in excellent condition and ready for more than the two hundred crack ponies that are expected.




# RIVIERA SEASON

Lieut-Colonel E. D. Miller, D.S.O., of Roehampton, will for the first time be managing the Club here, and most of the world's leading players have reserved stabling accommodation.

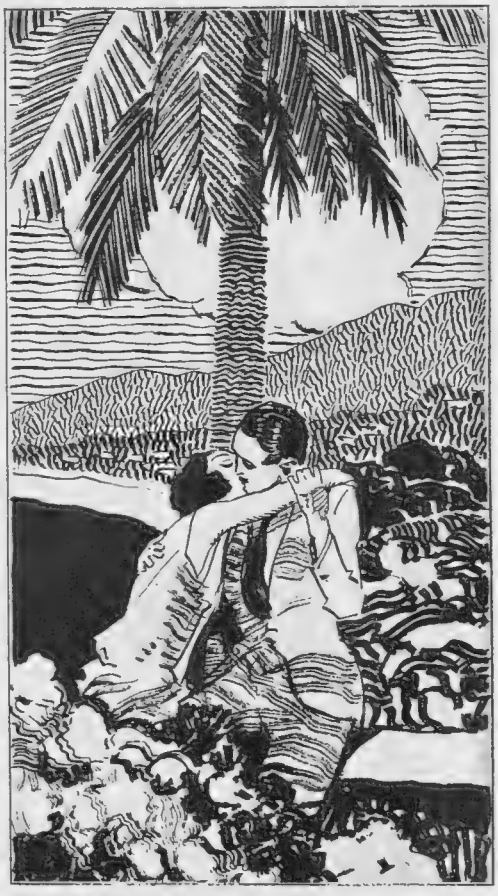
THE races will this season be marked by a substantial increase in the prize money, which now amounts to half a million francs, making this one of the most important race meetings in France. The International Motor-Boat and Seaplane events, which will be held at Cannes in April, offer prize-money to the value of 200,000 francs, and several big trophies, and some very important entries have already been made which ensure a sporting week. Golfers will find many alterations and improvements at the beautiful golf-course at La Napoule, which re-opened on November 1; while the new Country Club, near Mougins, where, under leading experts, one of the finest golf courses in France has been laid out, is expected to be in full swing this winter. It is certain to become one of the most exclusive clubs on the Riviera.

*Robert*

**OFF DUTY**
**Rudolph Valentino and his wife in the grounds of the house near Cannes belonging to Mrs. Valentino's step-father**

KING CARNIVAL makes his triumphal and jovial entry into Nice on February 12, and that city will be crowded as usual with a cosmopolitan throng of merry-makers for weeks to follow. The Military Tournament, the Horse Show, and many other sporting events combine to offer a programme which should please everyone, while the numerous smart hotels for which Nice is famous have arranged a dazzling series of galas and dances.

A NICE venture that should prove of great use and interest to English visitors is the opening of the Winter Club, situated at 11, Rue du Congrès. The idea of the promoters is to establish a place, with the best English Club atmosphere, where French and English people can meet under most favourable social conditions. As an earnest of this, a number of leading residents in Nice have agreed to act on the committee. Among the French committee members are Maître Gassin, the well-known lawyer, Monsieur Léon Garibaldi, owner of the *Eclaireur de Nice*, and Commandant Petitpas, of the Garrison. Among the British and American personnel of the committee are Admiral Sir Edmond Pears, Colonel Argles, Dr. F. A. Hort, Mr. Spencer Batchelor and the British and American Consuls. There is a well-equipped reading room, and part of the club is set apart for ladies. The subscription is exceedingly moderate; inquiries should be addressed to the Secretary, Major T. G. Macfie.



**"Palmy Daze"**

THE prospects of the Monte Carlo season were never brighter. The big event will be the opening of La Capitole,

*BY NICK*

## NOVEMBER REFLECTIONS AT NICE

formerly the Palace at Beau-Soleil, which has been transformed by Mr. Eric Longden into a wonderful pleasure resort. It comprises a huge theatre, restaurants, a ballroom, and a cabaret. Albert de Courville has been engaged as producer, and at last we shall see well-known Anglo-American stage favourites contributing to the entertainment programme of the Riviera.

A GREAT many of the regular visitors have been on the Riviera since early in October, but the main rush began only after the elections. The Duke of Connaught, with his inseparable and debonair *fidus Achates*, Major Berkeley Levett, arrived at Beaulieu at the end of October, and it has been announced that his sister, Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, will spend the winter at Cannes. Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss and his family were as usual among the earliest villa residents to return to Cannes, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven, Major and Lady Zia Wernher, Viscount and Viscountess Portman, Major-General Lord Cheylesmore and Lady Cheylesmore (the latter has been on a visit to her son's ranch in Alberta), Sir Coleridge and Lady Kennard, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, Margaret Lady Waterlow, Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke, and Sir Francis and Lady Elliott, are among the prominent members of the Anglo-American colony here. Sir Henry Cosmo Bonsor and his family have booked rooms at the Hermitage Hotel, Cimiez.

SIR POMEROY BURTON has just bought a villa on Cap Martin from Prince and Princess Danilo of Montenegro, where he will have as a near neighbour his old friend, Lord Rothermere. The King of Sweden will, of course, spend the winter among the local tennis courts, and ex-King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria are returning for their customary holiday by the Mediterranean. Mr. Henry Ford is said to be planning his first visit to the Riviera, and the arrival of the world's richest man will certainly cause a flutter of excitement, even in this resort of the wealthy. Could any more impressive spectacle be imagined than that of the "Flivver King" playing baccarat with André Citroën, for instance, against the Greek Syndicate at Cannes? It would be worth seeing.

SIR JESSE BOOT, the great Nottingham philanthropist, has been staying for some time past with Lady Boot at Hyères. Baroness Orczy has been in residence during the autumn at her charming little home in Monte Carlo, while Mr. Philipps Oppenheim is hard at work writing best-sellers—if he calls it work—in his country home near the Nice golf links, and Major and Mrs. Faudel-Philipps are again installed in their old Provençal house on the hill near by.

NOT only are practically all the villas along the whole coast taken for the season, but the hotels report without exception unusually heavy advance bookings. Mr. Aletti, probably the greatest of French hotel proprietors, has announced a brilliant programme for the Majestic at Nice; and the Negresco and Ruhl's have both been renovated recently, and are rapidly filling up. The Beau-Rivage at Cannes has entirely disappeared, and on the site the directors of the Carlton are erecting a new and very palatial hotel which will become a landmark on the famous Croisette. At the Continental, with its unforgettable views over the old town and the harbour, M. Fougnies has effected many improvements, and *thés dansants* will be a feature of this season. The Continental, by the way, is run under the same ownership as the famous Lion d'Or at Rheims, and both work in conjunction with the Continental Paris. The Grand Hotel, with its select *clientèle*, and the Beau-Site, with its wonderful gardens, are now open and will undoubtedly be full for the whole winter.

AT St. Raphael, Valescure, Hyères, and at the various centres between Nice and Menton, as well as at inland places like Grasse, which are sharing in the general prosperity and growth of the region, the same optimistic feeling prevails, based on definite reservations, and there is every probability that even the remarkable records of last season are going to be beaten. Sunworship is by no means extinct!

D. W. T.

# Old Time Exposures in a Modern Field of Vision

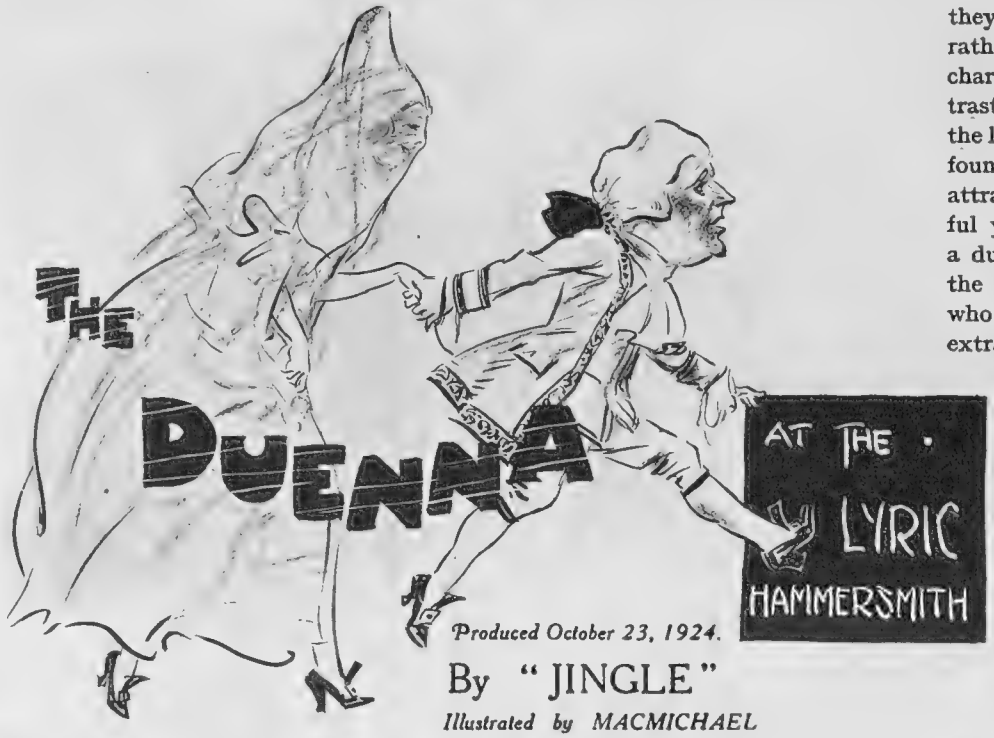
"THE DEAD CITY"

Tourettes, whose picturesque ruins, near Vence, recall so poignantly the tragedies of other days to the gay pleasure seeker on the Riviera. History has it that the inhabitants fled the town at the advent of a terrible earthquake. The course of the lava flow from an ancient volcano, can still be traced down the mountain side

A.S.A.

A GLIMPSE AT VILLEFRANCHE HARBOUR

The little town of Villefranche, an old-world gem in its lovely mountain setting, possesses one of the finest natural harbours in the world. On more than one occasion during the town's long eventful history, it has sheltered a whole fleet of ships of war. (Inset) An old street in Villefranche.




*Produced October 23, 1924.*

# The Duenna

## By "JINGLE"

*Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS famous comic opera was first produced in the year 1775, when it enjoyed a run of sixty-three nights. At that time this was considered a successful enterprise, though nowadays, of course, it would hardly pay for the gas. The original music was composed by Thomas Linley, who was Mr. Sheridan's first father-in-law, and whose music is spoken of as being "simple, sweet and melodious, yet lively." I do not know what other qualities musical critics look for in a score, but those enumerated above would seem to fill the bill for most people. Mr. Alfred Reynolds has based the music of the present production on the Linley model, and the crowded houses at the Lyric Theatre (Hammersmith) are sufficient evidence that this sort of thing is What the Public Wants. Mr. Nigel Playfair, the producer, is fortunate in being a man of excellent taste and having also the means to express it adequately.

THE audiences at this theatre are composed of people who make entertainments of this kind the object of a positive cult. They inhale the "simple yet lively" music as if it were the breath of life. And every now and then they break out into hysterical laughter for no particular reason, unless it be that they are unwilling to let the players on the stage have a monopoly of noise-making. As drama, *The Duenna* is too rudimentary in form to stand alone, so that it is safe to conclude that it is Mr. Reynolds's music that will make the success that is obviously in store for it. At times the humorists are so hard pressed to raise a laugh that they do not disdain the primitive gesture of putting the outspread fingers to the nose as an expression of silent contempt. I hesitate to give the gesture its schoolboy designation, but it is twice presented here, and raises a shriek of laughter on each occasion.

DUENNAS, like other vigilants who strive to keep young people in the path of rectitude, have always been necessarily unpopular. Also, they must always be represented as being rather old and ugly, so that their fair charges may shine more brightly by contrast. Cases are not unknown in which the lover, setting out to woo the maid, has found the charms of the duenna more attractive, and, consequently, every careful young lady will take pains to choose a duenna who shall be, if anything, on the repulsive side. Miss Elsie French, who plays the part here, has taken extraordinary pains to make herself look plain. She has even gone to the length of blacking out some of her pretty teeth, a rather violent effort in humour which, perhaps, transcends the needs of the case. Still, it must be recorded that Miss French gets all her laughs in the right place, and the young ladies who have come to the theatre fresh from the five-finger exercises on the piano doubtless take a rare delight in her self-inflicted ugliness.

MR. PLAYFAIR has very properly cut out the scene which quite wantonly represents the holy friars as bibulous cheats; but he could not, of course, have paid the same compliment to Jewry without knocking the bottom out of the opera altogether. Isaac Mendoza, the Jew, is a full measure of the mixture of cunning and avarice with which Jews are identified in cheaper romances; and Mr. Frank Cochrane, who takes the part with high-spirited fun, does not minimise any of his character's traditional defects.

Sheridan may, from what we know of him, have been indebted to one of the members of the well-known Scottish branch of Jewry for considerable favours (on note of hand alone), and have considered, like most indiscriminate borrowers, that it was grossly unfair to expect him to repay his loans. In that case, he may very well have invented the character ot Isaac Mendoza as the only means he had of hitting back.

ONE does not criticise the English of the classics, of course, but the phrase "*Who* have we here?" sounds a little harsh to a student of modern English. It is true that the terribly precise Mr. Lindley Murray had not published at that time his justly celebrated Grammar, and it may well be argued by the experts that "have" cannot be regarded as a transitive verb except in the regions of high finance, and thus the dispute could be nobly carried on well into the third half-pint or so. But I think if I were the producer, I would have done violence to my author and turned "who" into "whom," if only for the sake of the little ones at home.

A PECULIAR feature of this revival is, in sharp contrast to other recent productions at this theatre, its high moral tone. The *Beggars' Opera* can hardly be said to have been up to drawing-room standards of propriety, though it is not for me to attribute its glittering success to this amusing lapse from grace. But *The Duenna* is prunes and prisms to a most refreshing degree. The two ladies who run away from home are jealously safeguarded from any risks to their virtue. Donna Louisa takes shelter in a convent until her lover can step round and marry her; while Donna Clara is accompanied everywhere by a faithful maid till the same blissful moment arrives for her as well. The young people are duly married in church, which is vividly suggested by a stained-glass window and a liberal burning of incense. One is reminded of the shipwrecked sailors who, desirous of holding a religious service, and being unable to recall any part of it, decided to take up a collection and leave it at that.

MR. DENYS ERLAM makes an agreeable Antonio, the lover, who serenades his mistress, Donna Louisa, in the hope of waking her up so that she will come to her window. Later on in life, no doubt, Don Antonio will probably go to the other extreme, and do his utmost to prevent the lady from waking as he creeps upstairs late at night in his stockinged feet. Mr. Michael Cole is the Don Ferdinand of the piece; but neither of these gentlemen wastes much time on mere acting. They both sing divinely, and seem to devote all their attention to this branch of their art. The unreality of the plot is reflected in the simplicity of the scenery and the fairy-like beauty of the dresses.

MR. GUY LEFEUVRE is rather an exception to the rule of rigidity. He not only sings well, but he is able with a minimum of exertion to act his part in a deliciously comic way. He impressed me as being an actor of very unusual excellence. Mr. Nigel Playfair, not content with the labour of organisation and production, takes the quietly comic part of the stern parent, Don Jerome, and his singing and dancing are deservedly encored. There are other dancers, splendidly apparelled, who give interludes of swinging movement to the story. I see no reason why *The Duenna* should not rival the success of the other popular productions at this theatre. A very human note on the programme, by the way, warns visitors that owing to the way Hammersmith conducts its licensing business, no alcoholic refreshments can be obtained in this theatre after the first interval—surely the apotheosis of grandmotherly legislation. As, however, we have now got an English Government at last, we may reasonably hope that our English liberties will soon be restored to us. JINGLE

# THE MERRY MEN OF MENTONE

*Illustrated by* HOWARD K. ELCOCK

You will find in every town upon this sad planet one jolly fellow who can afford to laugh at the troubles of his kind. He is usually of comfortable proportions, for it is an axiom that when we laugh we also grow fat. His face is full of little wrinkles, born of much merriment, and his smile runs in little ripples across the shining surface where the hair no longer grows, losing itself in the back of his neck.

I never feel at home in new surroundings until I have met the jolly fellow of those parts. He is easily found. If you don't catch the reflection of the sun shining on his bald head, you will hear his laughter or see the hefty shadow that he throws upon the pavement as he takes his walks abroad.

Usually, he is accompanied by a younger optimist of like kidney, who is training on to fill the position of public benefactor when he has gone. The two are inseparable, and each acts as a foil to the other. It is a case of Potash and Perlmutter all over again. The stories that Potash has to tell are always concerned with the imaginary peccadilloes of Perlmutter, while the latter's fountain of fun finds its source in those bad, mad days before the hair of Potash fell into the soup and was drowned.

It was my privilege, while on the Riviera, to meet the two merry men of Mentone. I cannot tell you their names, and I wouldn't if I could, for they are modest men and would not thank me for dragging them into the limelight. I only mention them because they are responsible for the happy memories of Mentone that will remain until the sun ceases to dance for me upon the tideless waters of the Mediterranean.

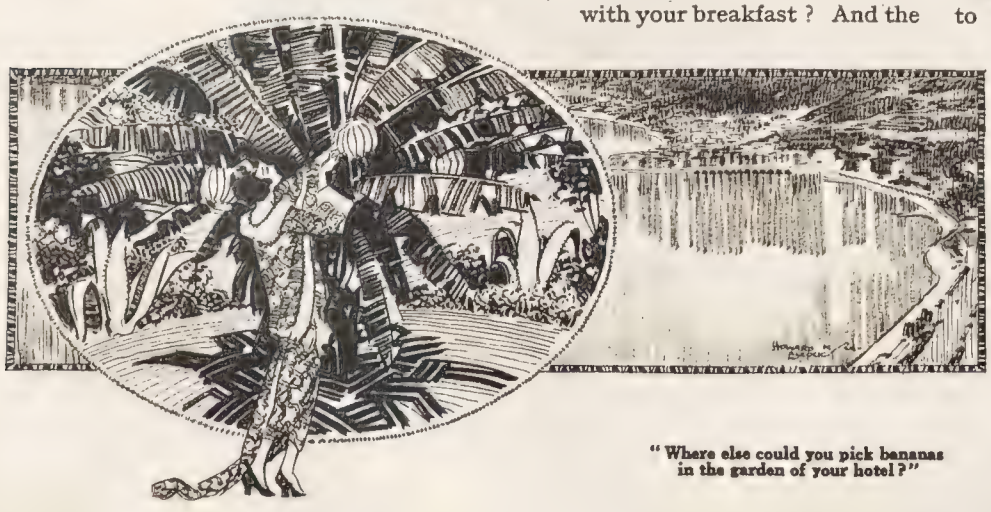
Our acquaintance was short, being bounded on the north by an *apéritif* and on the south by a glass of that liqueur which still holds the sunshine of its southern home. At the close of the repast, Potash rose to his feet and bade us drink with him a toast—the only possible toast: "Mentone, fairest daughter of the Côte d'Azur, on whom the sun shines always."

"They planted the seed of the lemon"

"It was not for him," he said, "to disparage by invidious comparison the sister towns of that golden coast, but where else could you find exotic flowers and tropical plants growing in such profusion? Where else could you enjoy such walkings and donkeyings as in the mountains above Mentone? Where else could you pick bananas in the garden of your hotel and eat them with your breakfast? And the lemons—the lemons of Mentone——!" Here is the story of the origin of the famous lemon groves of Mentone, as nearly as I can remember it, as told by the Merry Man of Mentone.

"You must know that when Adam and Eve were dismissed from the Garden of Eden for eating the sacred fruit of the lemon tree, they were permitted by a beneficent Providence to take with them the one thing that their souls most greatly desired, And of all the fruit and flowers abounding in that paradise, they chose a single lemon, and this they decided to plant in the most beautiful spot that they met with upon their many wanderings. Passing through Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo, they came at last to Mentone and there they planted the seed that has brought forth fruit a thousandfold, and made of Mentone the paradise that you, messieurs, find it to-day. And this," concluded the Merry Man of Mentone, with a twinkle in his eye, "is no lie—it is a legend, and as true as you know all legends to be."

For the rest, he assured us that while Mentone provided the perfect winter resort, it was equally desirable during the summer months. The finger of calumny had been pointed at Mentone. Evil folk, jealous of her charms, had suggested that there were mosquitoes to be met with during the summer months. Mosquitoes! Pah! He would tell us the truth of that.



"Where else could you pick bananas in the garden of your hotel?"

Many years ago, before the War, a mosquito came to Mentone. It wandered through the Jardin des Plantes, where it fed happily upon a fat German, who was sleeping in the sunshine. Since the War there had been no Germans, and, consequently, no mosquitoes seen at Mentone.

And this, he assured me, was neither a legend nor a lie.

# Another Bedtime Story

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A new method, much used in the best country houses, for politely hinting to guests that it is time for bed

# Gala Gaiety

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A FANCY DRESS BALL IN THE MARBLE HALL OF THE RUHL, NICE

# "SI VOUS AIMEZ LES FLEURS"

## A RAMBLE ON THE PROMENADE *(anything but)* ANGLAIS

*By REGINALD ARKELL*

*Illustrated by NICK*

IF, when you are staying at Nice, you walk upon the Promenade des Anglais in the direction of Italy, you may possibly be intrigued by odd little glimpses of mysterious activities through a number of gateways upon your immediate left. Should you be a visitor of the conventional pattern, concerned only with the follies, frocks and foibles of your fellows, you will persist in your promenade, turning neither to the right-hand—which would land you in the Mediterranean—nor to the left—which would take you through one of the mysterious arches aforesaid.

AFTER all, one does not visit the Riviera in order to experience novel sensations. The trail has been blazed by armies of visitors, and it is a more comfortable thing to follow in their steps than to make experiments upon one's own account. There is, *par exemple*, a ramble in the Avenue de la Victoire ; a visit to some plutocrat or other installed in his villa at Cimiez, or a day of joyous carnival followed by a night of anxious mathematics at the Casino. These things are surely enough to fill a February day, and yet ———

There is always the glamour of the unknown. Come ! Let us see what is afoot behind the little houses that blink beneath their coloured blinds at this unfashionable end of one of the world's most fashionable promenades.

A STEP or so beneath an archway that Oscar Asche would not have despised when preparing his productions of *Kismet* or *Chu Chin Chow*, and we are in the market—a heterogeneous collection of flowers, birds, artichokes, green figs and umbrellas. Immodest plane trees with half-naked trunks throw black shadows in our path, and the air is heavy with the beautiful odour of onions. It is all very appetising and extraordinarily picturesque.

Climb the steps to the long flat roof

*(Continued on page 572.)*

"An archway that Oscar Asche would not have despised"

# NICE IN PA

Nice is always associated, in the minds of those who have been fortunate enough to visit it, with flowers; which means colour, sp sh posy. In fact, Nice *is* the bouquet of a flower-strewn littoral. Far from the winter of one's discontent, it gives one the ris

BY HOWARD K. FLOCK

# PANORAMA

sunshine, happiness, *joie de vivre* and fragrance of the morning—all those things that can be inferred, without telling, in bouquet or the right to think that "the knees of the gods" is but a careless corruption of a truer phrase—"The Nice of the gods!"

that borders the south side of the market, and consider the scene. Your first impression is of a wet Derby Day, for umbrellas are everywhere. Not the ordinary British gamp of fell design and funereal black, but jolly striped fellows such as Hassan might have used to shield his sweet-stuffs, or such as the fat Hurree Babu might have carried through Mr. Kipling's story of *Kim*. Women porters of strange, warped shapes stagger under loads that would make a Covent Garden porter call an extraordinary general meeting of his Union at the corner of Tavistock Street. Oranges and lemons lie about in unconsidered profusion, and an old man sits guard upon three dead thrushes which he might have shot with a bow and arrow when the Romans marched down the Julian Way and the tower of La Turbie was new.

"Fields of violets, roses and jonquils"

"The maze that constitutes the old town"

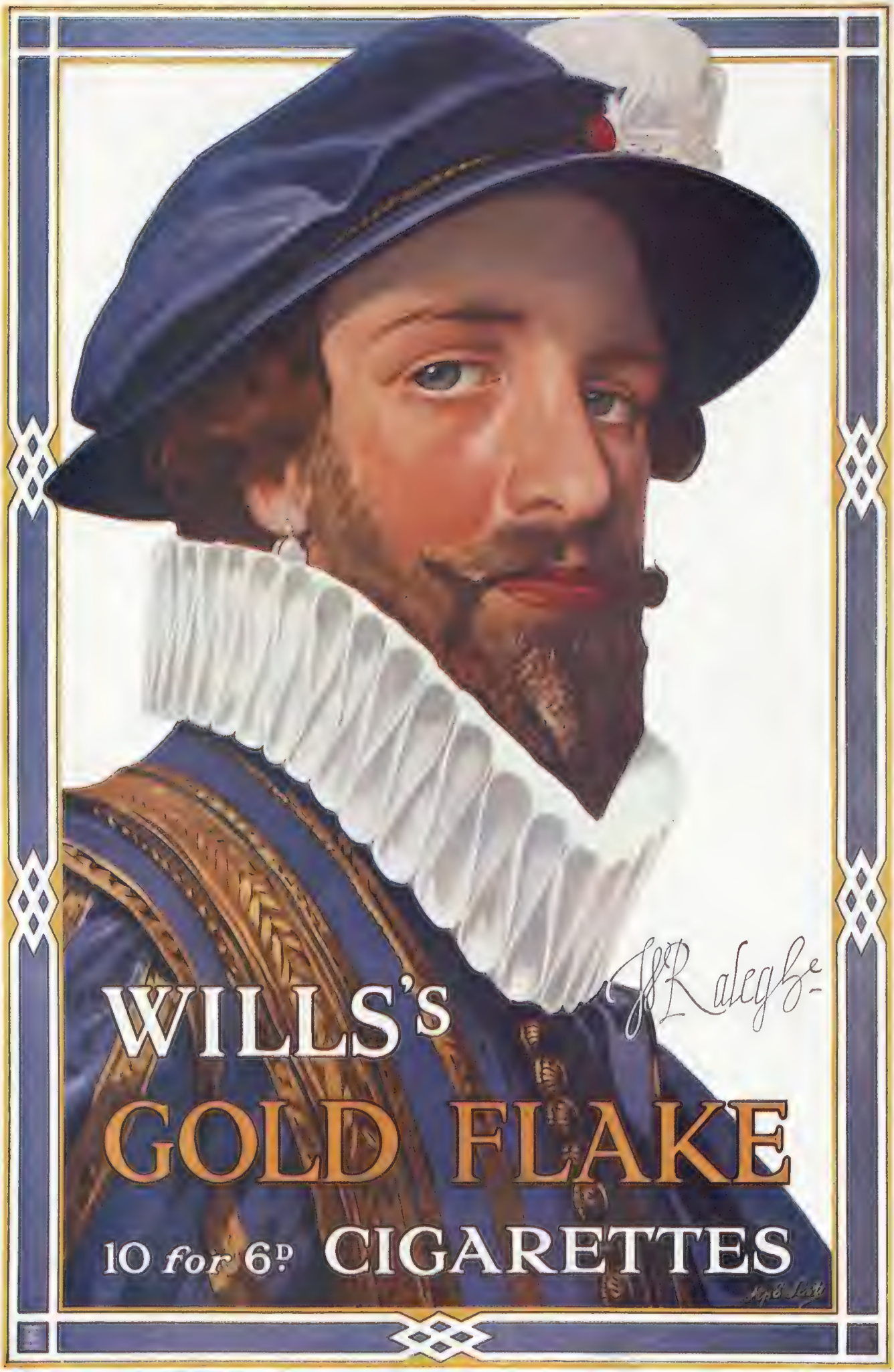
But it is the flowers of the Rue Saint François de Paule that really reward us for this mild incursion into the hinterland of fashionable Nice. High in the hills of Grasse are the fields of violets, roses, jonquils and jasmine, which provide the Côte d'Azur with its most fragrant industry, and down the lower slopes of the Alpes Maritimes trickles the scented stream of beautiful blossoms, until it eddies gently into rest beneath the striped umbrellas of the Rue Saint François de Paule. These sweetly scented nosegays sold in the Rue Saint François de Paule are but a by-product of the big business of Grasse, but they are sweeter than all the bottles of scent sold in all the shops of all the capitals of the world. *Si vous aimez les fleurs*, half-an-hour spent behind the little houses that face the sea at the unfashionable end of the Promenade des Anglais will not be found a waste of time.

A clock strikes in a tower near by; there is a sudden commotion among the stallholders, and before you can say *Nitchevo*—as Mr. Trotsky remarked when he heard the result of the recent elections—the vendors of artichokes and green figs have folded their umbrellas like the Arabs and have less silently stolen away.

Let us follow the Augustan gentleman—he of the three thrushes—and see what quarters he occupies in the palace of the beautiful Queen of the Baie des Anges. Up the narrow street at the back of the Castle Hill he goes, until he is lost in the maze that constitutes the Old Town. Violent indeed is the contrast between this human rabbit-warren and the long, white promenade upon which the spoiled children of Fortune live and laugh and love beneath the palm trees. Where else in the wide world will you find the old and the new rubbing shoulders as they do at the unfashionable end of the Promenade des Anglais?

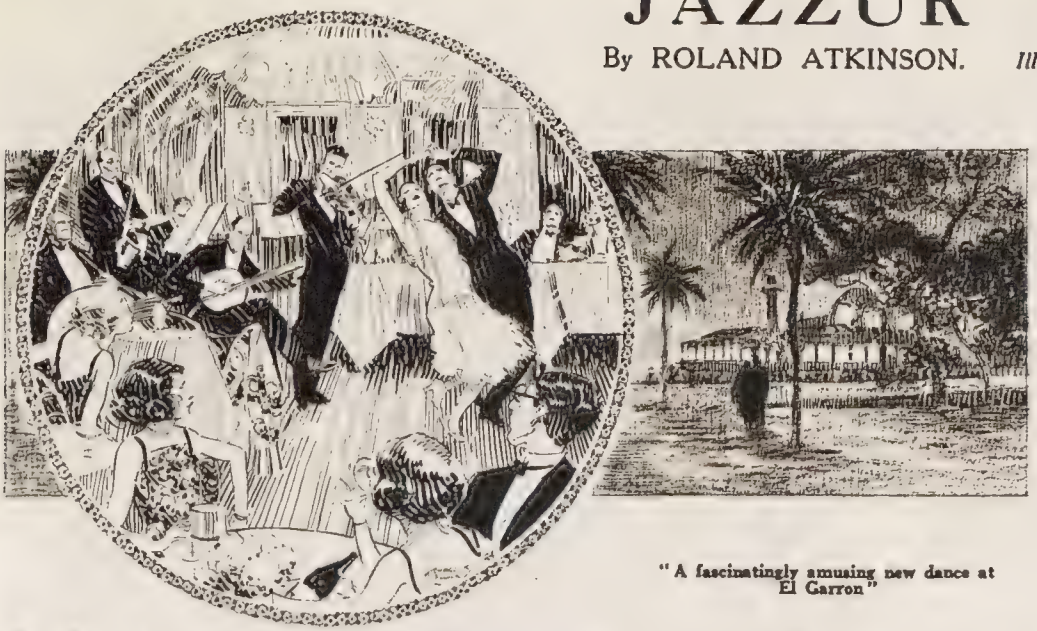
# "All Things Come Home at Eventide"—

—But some stay out for quite a while! An evening study of the Promenade Des Anglais, Nice


WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
10 for 6D CIGARETTES

# JAZZUR NIGHTS

By ROLAND ATKINSON. *Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*



"A fascinatingly amusing new dance at El Garron"

MONTMARTRE may have lost the distinctive note which used to accentuate its glamour, lost it because the dancing vogue has taken to so many capitals features which were formerly peculiar to the Pigalle quarter; but that it still sets the standard for dance-haunts is demonstrated in the flattery of imitation that may be found by a rambler in the summer and winter resorts of the wealthy. Not only are the names of the popular *dancings* of the Rue Pigalle and the Rue Fontaine unblushingly borrowed, but if you mention to the *patron* of one of them that his establishment colourably resembles, and is quite as cheery as, the original, he will not hide from you that you could not pay him a more welcome compliment.

THIS effort to localise Montmartre "magnetism" being almost world-wide, it is natural that the Riviera should be in line; for it is probable that the majority of the folk who take a winter holiday on the Côte d'Azur are in the habit of dancing and supping in Montmartre fairly frequently. In the case of British visitors, for example—and they still form the bulk of the Riviera crowds, despite the Americans—the *train bleu* might lead to the cutting-out of Paris on the outward journey, were it not that the women usually insist on shopping necessities on the way back. And, as a pick-me-up from the exhaustion of Paris shopping, Montmartre is much more popular than aspirin!

NAMES familiar to night-life *habitués* in Paris may, therefore, be found scattered in inviting profusion about the Riviera, where nights are longer and have need to be well-filled; and though, in some of the smaller resorts, trustful confidence in a sign with a well-remembered, provocatively misplaced apostrophe may be betrayed, there is little of this in the larger towns like Nice, Monte Carlo and Cannes. A round of these begun and *ended*—the italic being self-flattery about stamina—with firm and resolute step, convinces one that lively people who wish to dance to inspiriting jazz music on the Côte d'Azur are as efficiently and as unobtrusively keyed-up to the appropriate mood to appreciate a gay evening as they would be in the glittering triangle on the Montmartre hill.

AT Nice the first familiar name to appeal to the cheery soul who likes to make a night of it, each and every night, is, of course, Maxim's. In contrast to most *dancings*, which generally follow the custom of concealing themselves in a back street and appearing as inconspicuous as possible from the outside, Maxim's boldly monopolises the best position on one side of the principal *place* and introduces itself to everyone who comes within a hundred yards by a blaze of lights that nobody could possibly overlook. That external brightness is no deception, for it is equalled inside.

MAXIM'S lives up to a name that is not too easy to carry. Though it has no other connection with the Paris *restaurant de danse* which has furnished material for so many sparkling plays, it has a certain resemblance in the broad but companionable corridor effect that is created by the rectangular room. At Nice, however, one dances down the long room, and the square round the corner is given over to the inevitable American bar, whereas in Paris it is the square round the corner that is allotted to the dancers. That long room gives the merry violinist of Mix's band the occasion to come along and offer you a solo "seranade" at your own table, which is generally very effective if you are feeling "low."

"Maxim's lives up to a name that is not too easy to carry"

AT Maxim's you frequently obtain much exhilaration from the people you meet—meet in the sense of being *voisins*. On my last call there, the principal—entirely voluntary—entertainer was a

diplomat from Chili, who more than quadrupled the official supply of gaiety. There were some good "special numbers" provided by the house, but they did not reach the spontaneous excellence of the cheery diplomatist from Chili. May he live long to dance the tango according to his moods, which are as many as they are merry. *En passant*, one must mention that people going to the Riviera who do not wish to have to sit out a fair proportion of the dances would do well to practise the Tango for, though so rarely done in London now, it is still a favourite on the Côte d'Azur.

BESIDES Maxim's, the *dancing* to make one enthusiastic is El Garron, which needs rather a lot of looking for, hidden away as it is in the Passage Emile-Negrin. But it is worth searching for. El Garron is another name that needs a lot of living up to, but Luigi has succeeded where a number of predecessors have fallen. Several other *patrons* have tried to popularise these rooms, but have had to abandon their efforts. Luigi has triumphed to such an extent that if you do not book your table early during the season there is not the faintest possibility of passing the doors, for they have to be kept locked. For next year, however, Luigi intends to double the size of El Garron by the acquisition of adjoining premises. That should be consoling to people who never like to make up their minds where they are going until the last minute.

"Then there is the Capitol"

EL GARRON, in its harmonising of greys and pinks, is one of the most daintily decorated *dancings* I have seen. The walls are delicately shaded from silver greys at the top to darker greys below, and this bewitching effect is heightened by the hidden lights clustered under the beams. Luigi is lucky in the possession of innumerable friends among the folk of the theatre who come round as ordinary clients, but who are generally willing to present the best thing from their repertoire. On the last night I was there, there was a couple of Italian dancers with a fascinatingly amusing new dance, which so captivated an enterprising man of the London theatres that he wanted to engage them immediately. El Garron can give you one of the brightest nights of even the best Riviera holiday.

THEN there is the Capitol, in a street just off the Place Massena. Personally, I don't like the present scheme of decoration at the Capitol, for the hieroglyphics which cover the walls are rather too heavy and make the place appear more sombre than it really is. Next time, perhaps, something a little more enlivening might be employed, for that is all that is necessary to give the Capitol a night-light atmosphere comparable to that of the others.

BEFORE leaving Nice one should, of course, mention the Casinos, though, so far as dancing is concerned, these are for people who go comparatively early to bed. The Jetée-Promenade Casino is one of the most amazing entertainment establishments in the world, as for about 2½*d.* it provides an excellent dancing-floor where charming partners are not scarce, an accomplished band and also a variety entertainment, while, for a few coppers more, you may have all the fun of seven to one odds at *la boule*.

AT Monte Carlo the brightest nights for dancers are the gala nights at the Café de Paris, but it is better not to take your wife unless you have had an exceptional run at the tables. She is sure to be discontented with her newest frock, although she has been ecstatic about it just before, for the frocks at the Café de Paris are enough to provoke envy in the heart of a Jane Burr.

IT is doubtful if any place of its size, anywhere, can show such a collection of perfect *robes*, or come within hailing distance of the total of the bills which the dressmakers have presented with them. But you need not be overawed by these dazzling frocks. The women inside are not afraid of their being spoiled—by dancing men.

"Gala nights at the Café de Paris"

# Two Dancing Step Sisters

*Stage Photo Co.*

JOAN LANGTON (left) AND STELLA MARIS

Two of the "big noises" in "Carnival Time," the new cabaret at the Criterion, demonstrating a little dancing of the "catch-as-catch-can" order

# Homeward Ho!

By W. OBEGONE

*Illustrated by NICK*

MONTE CARLO, *Worstday*

MOST people like to travel westward—the place where the Golden Sun Sinks In and where the Girl of the Golden and other nice people live. I do myself usually, having an appreciative affection for its balmy breezes and soft, soothing rains. But there is one westward trail which is the most depressing ride in the whole world to my uneasy spirit. That is the meander from Monte Carlo to Marseilles. That train journey from the Paradise Principality to Marseilles is the affliction of a thousand nightmares, concentrated.

OFTEN it does not seem a swift journey, but slow torture. If one could but jump right away from that land of loveliness to the grey capital of England it might not be so bad, you are inclined to think. It would be a terrific wrench, of course, but the pain would be over quickly. You may try to forget by burying yourself in a book and think you are succeeding fairly well, when, a couple of hours or so later, you become a huddling heap of regrets again by a glance through the window, which gives you a glimpse of a red-rocked, sapphire-reflected, sun-splashed cove like that of Agay, and you have to endure all the pangs afresh.

YOU curse the P.L.M. Railway Company for not having devised a method of taking you home by another route, round the back. At least, that is what I had generally done until this latest journey. That turned the curse into a protest against the horrid efficiency of the company, for when I wished to take a backward glance it was too late, the train was on the inland stretch from Toulon to Marseilles. This speeding-up business can be very irritating, and I am afraid I was pointedly uncivil to the chance acquaintance whose too-interesting conversation had momentarily diverted my attention. I wanted to hear no more about his ancestral home near Nimes, of ninth-century foundations, with walls nine feet thick. What did I care for his fat old walls when I had missed the chance of looking backward at those bewitching bays as they faded into misty memories? It was enough to provoke one to lean out of the window and shake one's fist at the driver as an inebriate, drunk with speed-lust. The amazing facility with which the P.L.M. can whirl you away from a region where you would wish to linger is a thing to be combated. I shall take the matter up with them.

THAT journey to Paris was really provoking. After being hurled to Marseilles without a farewell look at even Nice or Cannes, I thought I would regain a pleasant frame of mind by drinking in a vision of Avignon by night, with the famous bridge where "*On y danse tout en rond.*" One would be able to repeople it with the old happy, gaily-garbed throng who had to do their dancing on the bridge because the streets "were too strait for the farandole." But the people of the Wagons-Lits had entered into the conspiracy with the P.L.M. to make the ride appear as short as possible. Having just lolled down with a book, while waiting, I must have been rocked to sleep almost immediately. I awakened as the train stopped, expecting to find Avignon, but it must have stopped before without wakening me, for the station was Valence. As I was utterly uninterested in its local products, there was nothing to do but turn in properly and get up at Fontainebleau, in time to breakfast before reaching Paris. Grudge Number Two against excessive efficiency.

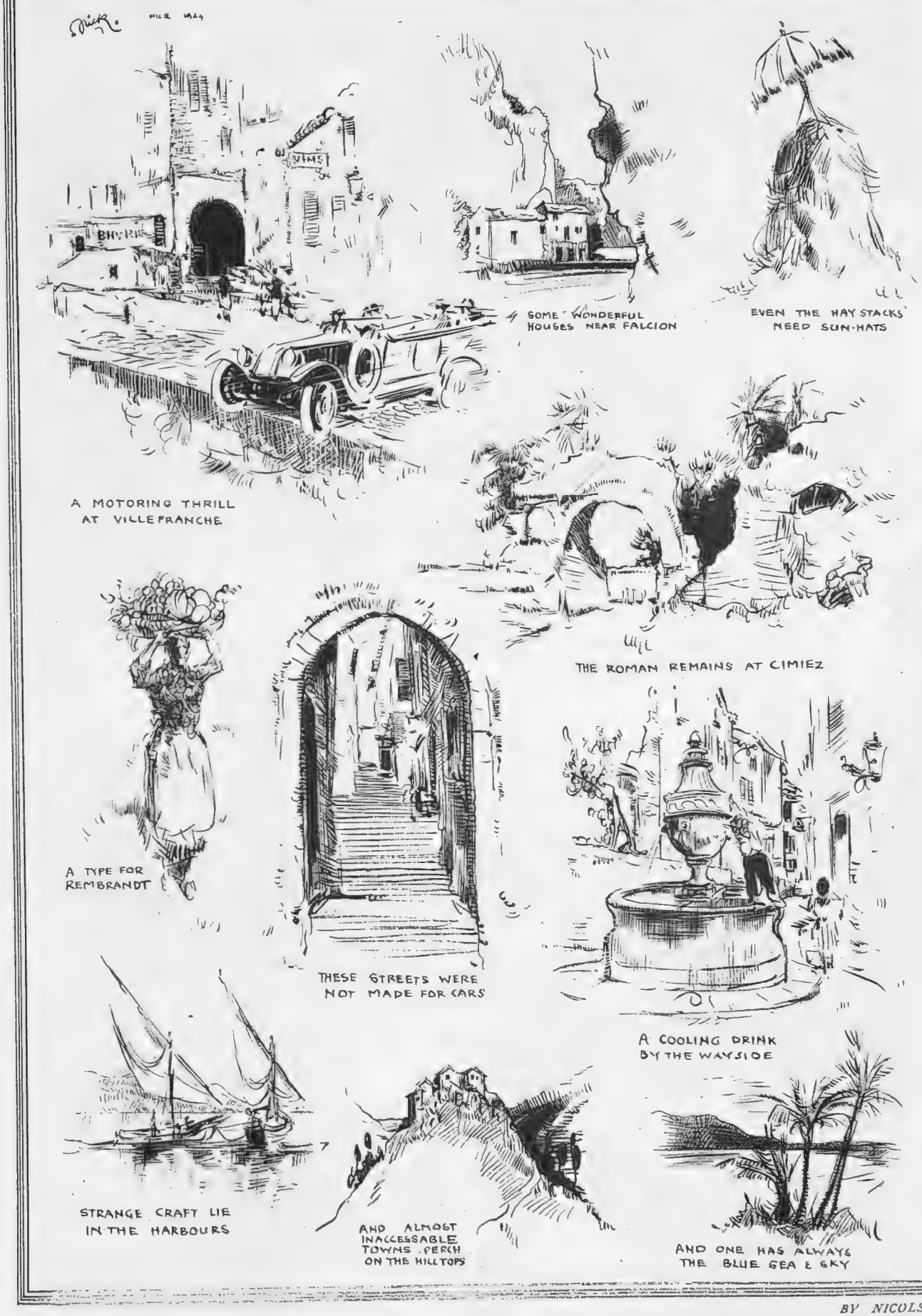
"Boulogne! And a casual au revoir"

THE law of compensation usually begins to operate just when you are feeling that everything is hopelessly wrong. The luck of the draw in seat reservation had furnished a most desirable companion for the not too interesting run from Paris to Boulogne. I always had liked the Nord Railway Company, I recollected. Mademoiselle was not only exquisitely pretty, but of manners adorable. We got on *very* well. I felt sure she enjoyed the lunch together as much as I did. Returning to the carriage we found the other occupants, who had been altogether superfluous, had joined some friends elsewhere. Perfect. What a wonderful railway system. Then the train stopped. Boulogne! And a casual *au revoir*! Speed-fiends of the Nord. Breakers of idylls. The worst grudge yet.

"Enough to provoke one to shake a fist at the driver"

IT only remains to growl at the Southern Railway Company, which completed the sequence of sorrows. Some fellows with money to lose asked me to make up a four, and I had just been dealt a royal flush, with a "pool" that would have paid all expenses, when there was a scramble for bags—Victoria. Next time I shall come home on stopping trains. I hate this speed vice.

# By-ways of the Côte d'Azur




*BY NICOLSON*

SOME VIGNETTES OFF THE BEATEN TRACK OF THE CORNICHE ROAD

# Maison Lyons Chocolates

Four Shillings per Pound

Sold in the Salons at the Corner Houses, Maison Lyons and Lyons' Teashops and by good confectioners everywhere.

Lovely to look upon, luscious to eat, Maison Lyons Chocolates are created for every taste

*J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.*

*London, W.*

# YOGO HAMA ON RIVIERA WAYS

"Excuse my pardon, m'sieu"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

THIS are time of year when all sporting upper 10's and wealthies are in the Riviera or other Mediterranean waters where the sun does not cease ever to shine and everything are as blue as azure. Perhapsly some of us feel lavish with envy and almost seek to despise with scorn our so humble but pure 25/- or 30/- per weekly remunerations, which does not enable we should make to visit Cannes, Nice, Mentone and other non-ecclesiastical cosmopoli. But we should strain to assideously strangulate these so non-pious and carnal envies and endeavour to remember that these saidly wealthies have very A.1 troubles which we cannot suffer, suchly as to place all their cashes on *rouge*, only to find that *noir* romps home with goals to nil. Also we must not forget the so terrible heat of the sun which these wealthies mournfully endure, likewisely the dazzling sea-blue which makes their eyes to pain. Indeedly yes, let us seek to innumerate our good blessings so we may discover how many 1,000's better it are to be impoverish and chaste with 25/- or 30/- per Friday, than to suffer the horrors and hardships which upper 10 persons must submit to heroicishly endure because of their *noblesse oblige*.

"I shall bandy sweetish oggles"

"If you do not constrain to imbottle these so fatuous bleats, Mr. Y. Hama, I shall defunct you with a blow of my axe on the head," you ejacule, Hon Sir?

Ha, ha, I ensneer, that should make you to only look a very 1-st of April person, because if you defunct me you will be mulct 40/- and a caution in the 2-rd division, also have buried the fatted calf that lays a golden egg. Howeverly, let us imagine to perform a very non-stop itinerary to the Riviera, so as to give goodish hintings to tyroes and other nouveau wealthies who have not acquired the correct ropes. You must suppose to be a very ignoramus person, which you should not find it difficult to impicture. You look at the times-table and are struck by a conundrum.

"I look to discover the leaving time from Paris, Mr. Y. Hama, but only to find 15.50. Does this translate to mean date of establishment of our train, or the price to travel cost 15/50?" you beseek.

You make me to blush at your so infantine question. It are Latin for 10 minutes to 4. Let us make purchase tickets.

"O, Mr. Y. Hama, kindly to transport me this notice: *Pour les conditions d'admission dans ce train, prière de se reporter à l'affiche général de la marche des trains.*"

Ha, ha, that blows the wind up you, I wager to bet! It translates to mean you must send a prayer to the general who marches the trains, else you shall not have admission to sail in it.

"Do generals march the trains, Mr. Y. Hama?"

Kindly to eat a damn bun, while I seek to procure informations.

"O kindly to inform, Mr. Y. Hama, why so numerous militaries preamble the platform. Are they going to establish a war?"

Constrain to not display your so abysmal non-informations. No, they are not militaries, they are railway persons. Watch to observe me speak this *controleur*.

"I impray you, Mr. Y. Hama, kindly to inform what a ——"

I shall pack you to home f.o.b. if you do not speedishly constrain to imbottle your so juvenine curiosities. Observe me now to speak him.

"Excuse my pardon, m'sieu, but I hope to trust that Hon. Madame and les enfants are in good healths, also votre oncle and votre tante, if any?"

"O oui, m'sieu and a 1,000,000 thanks. Can I make perform you any charitable feat?"

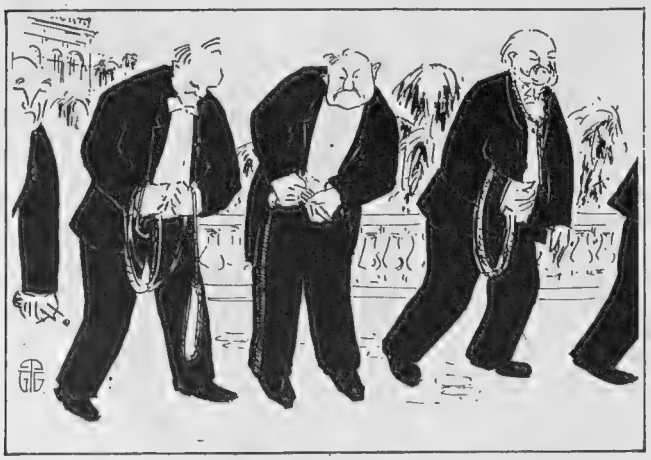
"Mon Dieu, I suffer extreme desolations, m'sieu. I would sooner to commit my suicide than dislocate your meditations, but can you descend to inform when the 15.50 dispatches itself?"

"Mais, yes, m'sieu, it will make itself to dispatch at 15.50."

"10,000 and mille thanks, m'sieu. Kindly to convey Madame my devoted regards, also to kiss for me les enfants, l'oncle and la tante, if any."

I hope this shall be good lessons to you in polite speaking. We now impicture ourselves to arrive at Cannes. Kindly to witness the 1,000's of fashion persons preambling the

"I greatly dote on the tables"



" 100's of non-lucksters "

impicture we arrive at Monte Carlo. This so non-theological retreat are greatly esteemed for its sporting and gambles. Here we may play baccarat, put-and-take, rouge et noir, find-the-lady and other indoor athletics, without fear to be seized by police bobs and mulct 40/- and an option. I greatly dote on the tables, also to observe the croupiers raking delerious heaps of cashes with their croups. Also it are deliciously thrillish to think how perhapsly you are sitting in juxtapositions to Hon. non-luck person who shall presently decapitate himself because of not any further assets. O yes, this are much more excitement than Snap or Snakes in Ladders and other Anglo gambles for pea-nuts or kisses.

promenade, while the bands blow delicious airs.

" Indeedly yes, Mr. Y. Hama, almost it are so good as Southend or Margate, but with not any whelks."

Kindly not to ashame me with your so lower 10 commentings. Let us to walk on the Promenade de la Croisette, where palms and other Mediterranean vegetables grow very wild. Perhapsly I shall bandy sweetish oggles with some beautiful *filles* (portions of fluff) and secure a click, so endeavour to strenuously observe the geographical and other scenic beauties. Ah, I feel a very wicked afflatus which I shall now sing as vizly :

Upon the Promenade de la Croisette,
I have succeed to meet a sweet grisette,
She knows more than 1 or 2 things, you bet,
And wears crêpe de chine, not flannelette.

(O naughty for fie !) But we must return to our itinerary, so kindly to

Also we must not miss to visit Monaco which are very celebrate for its hanging gardens. These gardens, I are inform, are specially prepared for non-luck persons at Monte who are licensed to go there and shuffle off their coils by suspensions. If we have good fortunes, we may observe to see 100's of non-lucksters armed with ropes making tracks for the hanging gardens.

But, alasly, we must hie to get back toot sweet (Anglo-French for oiled lightnings). O well, I ejacule, London has charms which the Riviera cannot boast to possess. Let Nice or Cannes sing of the palms, sunshines, bluish seas and other effeminate luxuries, but they cannot produce us a copyright London soup fog, which is where we beat them by the short hairs.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths have not suffer from this so swiftish itinerary, I remain

" London has charms "

Yogo Hama

A. S. A

STILL LIFE — BUT NOT ALWAYS !

A view of the old town at Menton in restful midday mood, with Cap Martin in the distance

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*The Tudor hall of William Hawtrey at Chequers.*

# CHEQUERS

A Prime Minister's lot may not always be a happy one, but with Chequers as one of the sweets of office it obviously has its compensations. Here, amid wooded vales and the rolling downs of the Chilterns, the Premier of to-day may restore his over-spent energies in a setting of sylvan beauty.

Tudor domestic architecture possesses a rare charm, which in Chequers finds its full expression. Weather-toned red brickwork; stone mullioned windows lead-paned; graceful gables and perfectly proportioned bays, together form a design of attractive distinction. The interior, with its panelled walls and Tudor arched fire-places, completes a building of peculiar fascination.

Built in Elizabeth's reign, and thus synchronising with the foundation of the British Empire; typifying the ancient strength and solidity of British character, this residence may well become a source of inspiration to such as might be prone in the present to overlook the glory and beauty of the past and the traditions which have built the Empire.

Concurrently with the growth of the Empire has grown the popularity and prestige of John Haig Whisky—first distilled in 1627. This steadily increasing reputation through three centuries is explained by the exceptional quality and perfect maturity for which John Haig has ever been distinguished.

*Oak "Drawinge" table (late 16th century) at Chequers. A style in general use for over one hundred years until succeeded by lighter designs.*

Dye Ken

**John Haig?**

*By Appointment.*

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

days go by. Should really rather love to see, m'self, just a few hundred of these pure-hearted parsons at, say, the Chelsea Arts and BYSTANDER Ball on New Year's Eve, watching, with first of all horrified and then grad'lly melting eyes, as they realised how frightf'lly innocent and childish it all is—so inf'nitely more so than the bitter bickerings (alas, I know 'em only too well) of a country parish.

卐

LIFE'S wonderful sometimes, dear cousin—would be all the time in fact, I'm sure, if we'd only let it be so, 'stead of planting our silly little niggling inscriptions across its noble, grave, quite friendly face that's drawn up on a wall, for every tiny one of us to scribble over. But they *are* really funny sometimes, these scribblers, as f'rinstance in a lovely play called *Sinners* that they gave at the new Fortune Theatre the other afternoon.

卐

LOVELY lady who went wrong with villain when she was at school, and has to go on with it, tho' married and he's married her sister, for fear he should reveal her awful past. Virtuous s'liloquies in front of portraits of lovely chee-ildren, tactfully placed in centre of mantelpiece. Deep and philosophical reflections to the effect

"Shob and Bingle"

that "Life is so og-lee" (by lady evidently strayed from local telephone exchange) and oh, "that such a thing should happen to us—us the daughters of our father!" Which last, I may add, fairly brought down the house, as they say, in the way of more or less irreverent laughter.

卐

NEVER laughed so much in my life, meself, and it does cert'nly seem rather a pity they didn't do it all a'purps, as the saying goes. Tho' p'raps they did, really. I never thought of that. In which case I straightway remove my twenty-guinea Reboux hat in salutation, tho' not usually done by us of the weaker and hairpinned sex. But now that we shob and bingle, as someone's put it, can without any sort of trouble be pos'tively masculinely polite.

卐

POWDER and paint, they say, we're giving up too, only the ordinance doesn't somehow seem to've reached me yet, and I rather doubt whether it's going to fade away quite as quickly as some people seem to think, spite of Paris having 'parently said the word. "Wait and see's" *my* motter, and I don't mind telling you I don't b'lieve it *till* I see it, specially when Paris is in the picture.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

# Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

### Last Week on the Flat

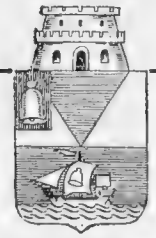
THE end of the week sees the close of the flat-racing season. It is an opportune moment to look back upon the results of the year. I think we can reasonably say that racing is in as healthy a condition as we have ever known it. Changing conditions have resulted in many of the old owners dropping out of the game or reducing their stables to smaller proportions. But the gaps have been well filled, and the value of thoroughbred horses never stood higher than it does to-day. This was plainly shown by the remarkable prices at Doncaster, and owners and breeders with stock to sell at Newmarket next month are looking forward to equally satisfactory results. All this is eminently satisfactory considering the continued weakness of the Continental financial situation, which makes it difficult for many of our former customers for bloodstock to buy so freely from us as they would like to do. On the whole, the present position of the English Turf does not leave much cause for lamentations.

### The Aga Khan

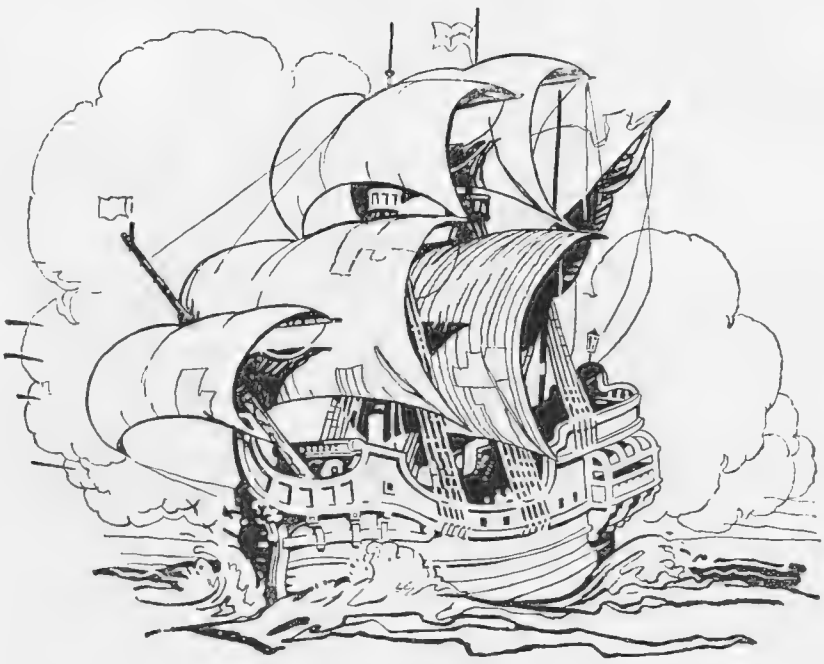
WE have to congratulate the Aga Khan upon topping the list of winning owners, both here and in France. When he decided to take a hand in English racing he was fortunate in finding such a good judge as the Hon. George Lambton to buy his yearlings, and such an accomplished trainer as Mr. R. C. Dawson to prepare them. It is true that he has laid out a vast amount of money on young stock, but other rich men have done the same without meeting with anything like the rewards which have fallen to the Aga Khan. He has now founded a stud farm of his own in Ireland, and in due course the splendid fillies which have carried his colours to the front, including Mumtaz Mahal, Teresina, Cos, Charley's Mount, Paolo, and many more, will be producing good winners for him. For Lord Derby, who finishes second on the list, the season has been particularly memorable in that it marked his first success in the Derby. It is good to know that Sansovino will be in action again next year. For one reason or another he was never at anything like his best after Ascot, but he looked like a genuine champion when he cantered away with the Derby, and in all probability he will reassert himself as a four-year-old, just as his stable companion, Pharos, has done in the campaign now closing.

### At Manchester

PROVIDING fog does not intervene—this is always the danger in the last week of the season at Manchester—the November Handicap should produce a good race on Saturday. It was a poor compliment to the handicapper that in the first list of club quotations published last week, Daimyo should have figured at the remarkably short price of 5 to 1. The truth is that there was a certain amount of betting on the race prior to this club business, and Daimyo has been well backed at much longer odds than those at which he stands at present. Having in mind his very easy victory at Doncaster, I have looked upon him as a good thing for the race ever since the appearance of the weights. Of the remainder I have most fancy for Vaudricourt and Jazz Band. The former is a much-improved horse with very little weight to carry, while Jazz Band did well at Liverpool recently in spite of being ridden into the ground. I name these two performers as being the chief danger to **Daimyo,** who should win. In connection with the Manchester Races, it is worth noting, by the way, that the L.N.E.R. is running a special dining car express on Saturday, leaving London Road Station at 4.50 p.m. for Lincoln, Newmarket, etc. Another express also will leave Manchester at five o'clock for Nottingham, Leicester, Rugby, and London; advance booking is a *sine quâ non* of comfort. On Wednesday **Dignity** may make amends for the bad luck which befell him at Aintree by taking the Woodlands Nursery. On the following day the selected candidate from Mr. H. S. Persse's stable may win the Lancashire Nursery. Manchester shares the fixture list on Saturday with Lingfield, where **Scapino** may win the Finale Handicap.




*Two varieties—*
*"ROYAL BELFAST"*
*and*
*"PALE DRY."*



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# POLO AT CANNES . . . By A. W. Coaten

### The Galloping Game

One of the real sporting attractions of the season on the Riviera is the polo at Cannes. Until such time as the indoor game is introduced to this country, polo in England during the winter is impossible. In fact, so little is the weather to be depended on here that the game is often seriously impeded even as late as the month of May. It is not surprising, therefore, that an increasing number of English players go to Cannes every year. They have the certainty of plenty of polo from January until March. For once in a way the weather was not particularly favourable on the azure coast last winter, but it is exceedingly rare for polo to be stopped by soft ground at Cannes, and tournaments can be fixed up in the sure knowledge that they will not be postponed or cancelled, which is more than can be said for similar arrangements at the London clubs.

### High-Class Polo

Captain Harry Holmes carried out his programme pretty well in accordance with schedule last season at Cannes, and a number of players who stand high in the Hurlingham handicap list were on the scene. The result was a great deal of really high-class polo. One does not hesitate to predict another successful season for the Polo de la Côte d'Azur. Already the number of English players who are expected will be sufficient to make up several strong teams. In addition, there will be a large sprinkling of French players. The game is becoming increasingly popular in France, especially in the Army, and the newly-formed French Polo Federation has an excellent membership. The Duke Decazes is its president, and the Duke de Guiche its vice-president.

### Well-Equipped Club

The history of the Cannes organisation, formally known as the Côte d'Azur Polo Club, dates back to 1907. For many years it had to make shift with only one ground, but now it is equipped with two, both full-sized and boarded. They are pleasantly situated near the racecourse and golf club at Mandelieu, about six kilometres from the railway station at Cannes. Players pay a subscription of 200 francs for the month or, if they prefer, 300 francs for the season. Non-players can join for only 100 francs for the month or double that amount for the season. A good many of the players have their own ponies with them, and it is worth noting that ponies can be conveyed there from England by the club's agents, who do the job very well. But even if you have no mounts of your own you can still play polo at Cannes, as they can be hired on the spot. Last winter, Mr. W. Balding took over a stud of twenty-five ponies for hiring purposes, and they helped appreciably to make the season a success. And when these ponies came home they made excellent prices under the hammer, so the enterprise is likely to be repeated.

**FAMILIAR FIGURES AT MANDELIEU**

**Lord Cholmondeley, as well known on the Cannes polo grounds as he is at Hurlingham, and Captain Holmes at Mandelieu. Lord Cholmondeley, it is said, is retiring from the game, but—one never knows!**

### A Prominent Figure

Lord Cholmondeley has always been a conspicuous figure on the grounds at Mandelieu, but it is doubtful whether he will take part in the coming tournaments. Towards the end of the London season he sold all his ponies, and it was said that he was retiring from the game. I hope, however, that he will change his mind, for he can ill be spared from polo. I understand that the American Army players, who are to visit England next summer, will practise sedulously during the winter months in Florida. The opportunity for getting an equal amount of practice is offered to their English rivals by the facilities at Cannes. I hope our military authorities will take advantage of this chance of getting their men fit before the beginning of the London season.

### Practice at Cannes

It will be fatal to underrate the strength of our new visitors. When our Army team went to the U.S.A. last year, everybody here thought it was going to be something like a cake-walk for them, but we had a bitter awakening. As is pointed out in the current issue of *The Polo Monthly*, the American Army players are to be the guests of the Hurlingham Club, and we may be sure that excellent organiser, Sir Harold Snagge, with the assistance of the club manager, Colonel Arthur Scott-Duff, will contrive to give them a good time. But we shall have to beat them on the field of battle, and I suggest to the Army Polo Committee that they can help towards this by picking their team at once and sending them to Cannes for hard practice for a month or two.

# RACING AT NICE . . . . By "Carbine"

### Les Courses

Another great sporting feature of the Riviera season is the excellent racing which may be enjoyed twice a week. The programme begins at Nice early in January, and in the following month is continued at Cannes, where this branch of sport has grown considerably in recent years. It is an easy run out from the town to the pretty racecourse at Nice, and the experience is one that English visitors will find wholly agreeable. The figure-of-eight track gives you a close-up view of the whole proceedings, and those who have braved the dirty weather so often associated with steeplechasing at home will appreciate the warmth and sunshine of January racing days at Nice. What is more, they can be sure of seeing racing of a high-class character. The stakes are good enough to attract the best stables in France, and some of the smartest jumpers in that country are in rivalry. You get all the charm and animation of the biggest days at Longchamp and Auteuil without the crush.

### Pari-Mutuel

Few find themselves able to resist the fascinations of the pari-mutuel. You may not be a betting man in the accepted sense, but I shall be surprised if you do not wager your francs more or less mildly when the numbers go in the frame at Nice. You will know nothing about the "form," but tips will be galore, and the sporting columns of the papers will tell you all about the fancied horses. Given my choice, I think I would rather bet with bookies than with the machine, yet certain solid advantages can be claimed for the latter system. When you have been fortunate enough to back a winner, some minutes of suspense ensue pending the appearance of the odds. It is nearly as exciting as the race itself! Among the chief events of the meeting are the Prix de Monte Carlo, a hurdle race of 3,000 metres, and the Grand Prix de la Ville de Nice, a steeplechase of 4400 metres. Those races invariably attract the biggest crowds of the racing season in the South of France, and the officials in charge of the pari-mutuel have their busiest time. I hope the fortune of backing the winners will fall to those Bystander readers who are present at these delightful meetings in the valley of the Var.

Warmer than Furs
OVALTINE
Fortify your System against Winter chills by drinking delicious
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# RUGGER RAGGINGS

## RICHMOND COME BACK.

By "PENDARVES"

I ALWAYS listen with deep respect to Experts. We all do.

The man who can make statements authoritatively and sufficiently loudly is seldom contradicted. And, anyway, you must not contradict a man who has played for England, once upon a time.

Our Cap—an old one, but still a Cap, mark you—stood in front of the club fender in the smoking room and said the Harlequins would make a disgusting mess of Richmond—foregone conclusion—but this was the only Rugger match worth seeing in London that Saturday, and so what about it?

I remarked, during the course of the usual footer shop going down in the Cap's car (he had a purple emperor of a car, I will say that for him, poor old thing) that Richmond had already decisively beaten both 'Varsities, and that in my opinion—if I might be allowed the gross liberty of venting one—the Richmond Club were coming back into their old famous form again. But I was told that I was nothing but a filthy journalist, and what-the-er—, etc. So I subsided amongst the cushioned bodies of the elect and fell to wondering what the Expert paid his majesterial chauffeur, and out of what undisclosed "total income from all sources" he did it?

The remainder of the afternoon may be set down in the form of an Expert's monologue—by one who knows, so to speak—as showing how fickle is public favour, and how rapaciously the great men eat their words without getting mental indigestion.

"Of course, this antediluvian ground *would* be overcrowded to-day. But we must shove in somewhere. What about the Press Box, Pendarves; can't you wangle—no? Nothing doing? Well, pay for me, one of you fellers, I've got no change. . . . There y'are. Look at this Quin's side. Absolutely crawling with internationals—Wakers, Hamilton-Wickes, AND Kershaw working the scrum—to say nothing of Whorton, the Army half, Townell, Chick (he'll get a cap for Wales, mark my words) and Gibbs. The thing's a farce. . . . Who've Richmond got? Richardson—h'm, yes, he ought to get a Blue this year, stout fellow; Cohen, the old Cambridge forward—Considine, yes; Lawless (I thought he'd retired on an old age pension long ago), and Bunney—he's a good little scrum half, that lad. But you see, chaps, they haven't got the *class* of the Quins. Form *will* tell, y'know. . . ." A quarter of an hour's play ensues.

Richmond, from a really class movement, score first. "Hullo! don't like the look of this. I say, Kershaw is not what he was, is he? He's sending out all his passes along the ground; and that boy Bunney is beating him every-time . . . . H'm . . . H'm . . . This won't do. . . . Look at those Harlequin 3's, they're all bunched up like grapes—absurd." [Harlequins score and Wakefield converts a sitter.] "All square. Good. Quins are beginning to settle down—about time too. Rather a shame to wake them out of a deep sleep *before* half-time, though . . . and they say Wakers snores dreadfully, except in international matches. Now we shall see what we shall see."

We do. Richmond scores another goal, and yet another try. Richmond are playing as they used to play in the good old days of Godfray, Hancock, F. H. Palmer, and Stout. Richmond are all over them, literally and metaphorically, with glorious forward rushes from end to end of the field. There is a finished crispness about their play this year, and an understanding of each other that we haven't seen, but have longed to see, for very many seasons; and Mr. Rockett's face as he stands under the Members' Pavilion, is a study in complete beatitude—splendid! But these are only my wretched views, which count for naught. Let us go home in the Expert's glittering car and listen to the pearls of wisdom that drop upon the fur rug all the way up to Hammersmith Broadway; Richmond having won comfortably by 17—11.

"There was only one side in it. I mean you can't expect a side to win matches with England's Captain missing place kicks in front of goal that a lower school fag would convert every time. . . . Hopeless business playing a wing three-quarter like Hamilton-Wickes in the centre—crazy. The internationals were not in the picture at all. They never got going. And when they did they were grassed by unknown men. Gibbs is the only man of the Harlequin backs I want to see again. He and the Irishman, Stephenson, are the two most determined wing three's in the country to-day. Richmond were far the better team. And on to-day's form A. T. Young will *not* lose his place as England's scrum half to the returning Kershaw, as some seem to think."

I thought fit at this point to remind him of the "disgusting mess" the Harlequins were going to make of their opponents; indeed, I could not resist it. He merely smiled loftily.

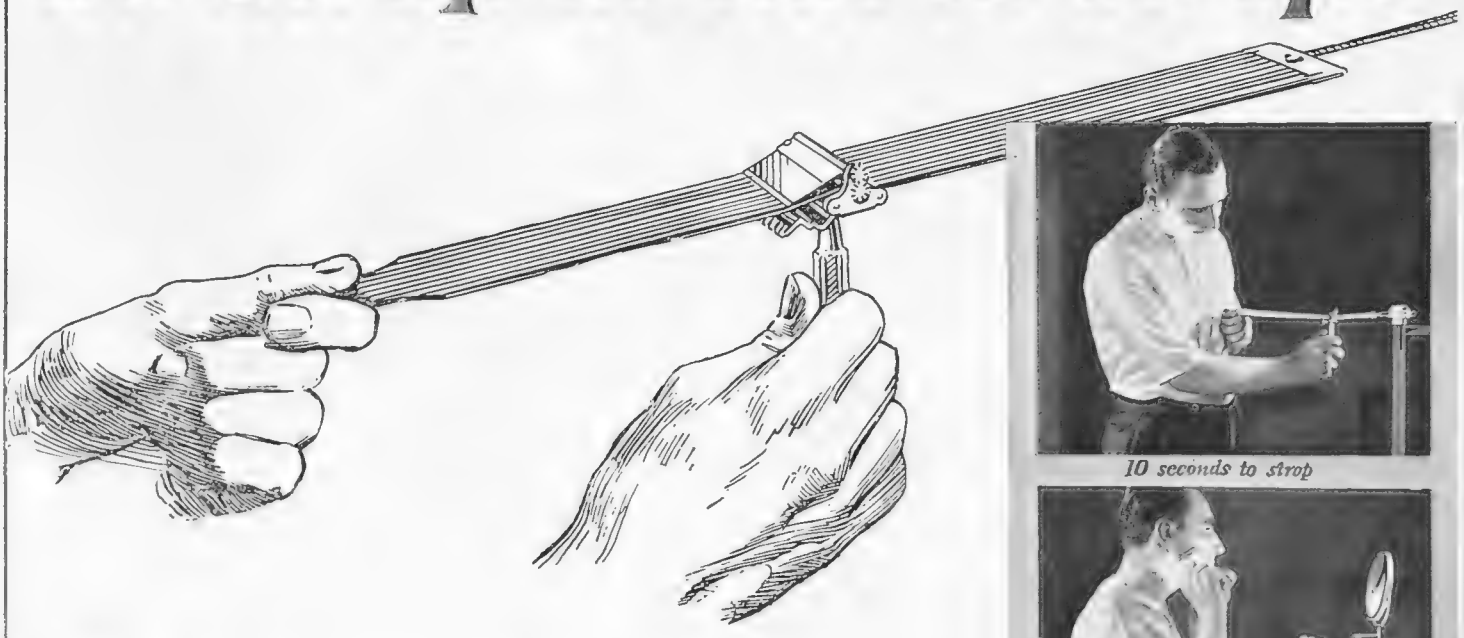
"Ah," he replied, patronisingly, "it only shows, my dear boy, that it is *not* always the team of star performers that wins matches. I remember once in 1906, I think it was, or it may have been later. . . ."

That is what they do, these Experts; when cornered, they wade into the deep waters of reminiscence, where they know you can't follow to contradict them. They are a trying breed.

"FEET, CAMBRIDGE!" G.P.U.

Cambridge forwards breaking away from a scrum in their recent match with the All Blacks. Played in a veritable sea of mud, the New Zealanders won by the narrow margin of 5 points to nil.

# To strop or not to strop?





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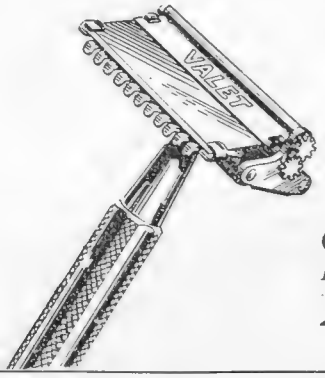


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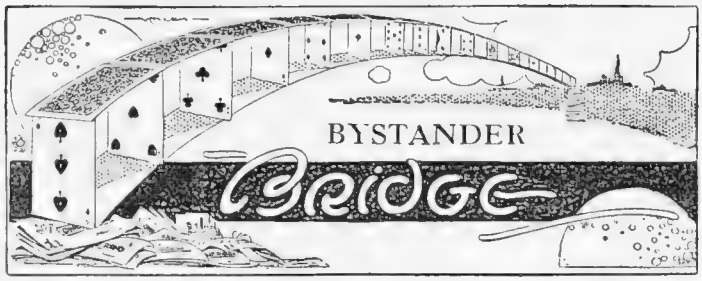


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

# INTELLIGENT RISKS IN BIDDING

THE late arrival at the Women's Bridge Club asked her partner for a cigarette as she cut into the rubber.

"So silly of me," she said, "I bought a box of 100 cigarettes and left them at the post office round the corner when I was buying some stamps."

At the end of the rubber she went into the post office to retrieve her property.

"I left a box of cigarettes here a few hours ago. Did you find them?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the official. "I found them and gave them to the first of the three ladies who called for them."

. . . . . .

"How is this," asks a correspondent, "for a freak hand? Z bid 'one No-Trumps,' and all passed. Z held—S—A, K, Q, 8, 3. H—A, K, Q, 4. D—A, K, Q, J. C—none.

"A, my partner, opened a Club which I took with the Ace and returned a Club, he then proceeded to take nine tricks in succession in the suit, while poor Z threw away all his big cards down to the three Aces."

While I am always sympathetic with disasters merited and unmerited, I can only say on this occasion that Z had no one but himself to blame. Why he should risk a No-Trumper when he had a practical certainty of game in Spades is a mystery. I suppose he argued that as he had no Clubs it was possible that his partner had a guard in the suit. But why take such an unnecessary and unwarrantable risk? It is an axiom at Bridge that a good major suit call is always preferable to a No-Trumper with weak spots in it.

. . . . . .

There are players who say "Never take me out of a double." It is a silly remark, because a freak hand will defeat the most promising-looking double. I have seen doubles that appeared to be cast-iron certainties fail, such as four Aces against a bid of five Hearts. When your partner makes a non-free double and you are trickless against the suit called, what are you to do? Are you to allow the double to stand and perhaps be massacred, or are you to risk a bid of your own which also may fail?

Take this case. Score: Game all. B dealt and bid "one Heart"; Z "no bid"; A "three Hearts"; Y "double three Hearts"; B "no bid."

Z holds: S—Q, 10, x, x, x. H—x. D—x, x, x, x. C—x, x, x.

What should Z say?

Well, at first sight you would say that Z must keep quiet. He has not a trick in his hand, and he must trust his partner to defeat the three Heart contract. But think it out. It is obvious to Z by A's pre-emptive raise to three Hearts that his partner has not doubled on strength in trumps. He must, therefore, have very good outside cards—Aces and Kings. Will those Aces and Kings be sufficient to defeat the contract. Probably by the bidding A is afraid of Spades. He may have none or only one.

. . . . . .

What can Y's cards be? He is likely to have some Spades and certainly must have five probable winners in his hand, or he would not have doubled.

Z, arguing this all out in his mind, therefore risked "three Spades," and made five by cards—game and rubber. Here are the hands—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | S—A, K, x, x.<br>H—x.<br>D—A, K, Q.<br>C—A, K, x, x, x. | |
| S—None.<br>H—Q, J, 10, x, x, x.<br>D—J, 10, x, x, x.<br>C—x, x. | *A* *Y* *B*<br>*Z* | S—J, x, x, x.<br>H—A, K, x, x, x.<br>D—x.<br>C—Q, J, 10. |
| | S—Q, 10, x, x, x.<br>H—x.<br>D—x, x, x, x.<br>C—x, x, x. | |

Now if the double had been left in, B would have made four Hearts, losing only one Diamond, and two Clubs. Yet Y's double looked good.

I give this as an example from actual play of sound reasoning on Z's part. Of course, you may say that his bid of "three Spades" was in the nature of a gamble, and he *might* have been taking his partner out of a good double into a bad Spade call. But three points emerge: (1) Y's double was not a free double. If it failed, A, B were game and rubber. (2) Z's hand was not worth a single trick against Hearts. (3) Y must have a good hand apart from Hearts. If Z had been a "wooden" player or one who "never takes his partner out of a double," the rubber would have been lost instead of won.

. . . . . .

The following is an interesting hand sent in by Colonel Lyon:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | S—A, K, Q, 2.<br>H—A, K, J, 8.<br>D—6.<br>C—K, Q, 10, 9. | |
| S—5, 4.<br>H—Q, 5.<br>D—A, Q, 9, 7, 5, 4, 2.<br>C—A, 2. | *A* *Y* *B*<br>*Z* | S—J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 3.<br>H—9, 7, 6, 4, 3.<br>D—None.<br>C—J, 4. |
| | S—6.<br>H—10, 2.<br>D—K, J, 10, 8, 3.<br>C—8, 7, 6, 5, 3. | |

Score: A, B game and 24; Y, Z game and love. A dealt and called "one Diamond"; Y "one Spade"; B "no bid"; Z "no bid"; A "two Diamonds"; Y "two Hearts"; B "no bid"; Z "three Diamonds" (thinking A would not call "three Diamonds," and trusting his partner to call "three No-Trumps" if possible). Y "three No-Trumps." All pass.

B led Jack of Clubs, building on the hope that it was Y's weakest suit (if B had led a Spade the result would have been the same). A put up the Ace and returned the 2 of Clubs. Z took the trick and led 8 of Hearts and made three No-Trumps.

. . . . . .

Z's three Diamond bid was, of course, risky as Y might not have been able to bid "three No-Trumps." But, having shown two suits, Z was justified in taking the risk. The bidding shows what may be done by taking "intelligent risks."

**A THREATENING 'ATTITUDE** By Stan Terry

**1st Lady: "If you ain't tellin' lies, I'll eat me 'at!"**
**2nd Lady: "You be careful, dearie. The berries on them cheap 'ats is gen'ally poisonous."**

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Give particulars of the *best* hand you have played or the best hand you have seen played from the point of view of bidding and play of the cards. State score and give the cards of each player. I do not want lucky or flukey hands, but hands which exhibit skill in bidding and brilliance in play, and which succeeded on their merits.

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# DEWAR'S

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**DEWAR'S**

# Stockings

By
WARWICK DEEPING
*Illustrated by BLAM*

THE sun was shining, and the sea bit a great blue curve into the rocky coast. From the tennis courts of the Hotel Bristol came the sharp "pung" of rackets striking white balls. The palms made a pleasant, crepitant murmuring. And Mr. Fothergill sat on a seat in the Beaulieu gardens, where the stocks and the wallflowers smelt better than a perfume shop in the Rue de la Paix.

Yet, Mr. Fothergill was depressed—more than depressed. He felt suicidal.

"What's the use of sunlight?"

Imagine the depth of his gloom! A little man in a grey suit and biscuit-coloured spats, dismissing the Mediterranean sun so slightingly; and this after months of rain, and a summer that had degenerated into a splendour of slime and of slugs!

"That doctor of mine was a fool."

He pulled his hat over his eyes, and stared at the silver scaled sea. Someone was hoisting the sail of a small yacht, and a figure in a bright cerise jumper reminded Mr. Fothergill of the existence of artificial silk. He looked pathetic.

"There! It hits you everywhere. What's the use of sunlight if you can't leave your worries at home? Did that doctor of mine think I should leave them on the Channel boat—with—other things?"

He let himself sink deeper into pessimism.

"Tennis! He said I was to play tennis—and dance! Dashed fool. What did I come for? Waste of money."

John Fothergill had been at the Hotel Metropole for more than a week. It was a gem of a hotel, all rose and gold, with the blue of the sea filling its windows, but Fothergill was a domesticated man, and he could not forget the wife and two girls left behind in Shacklesfield.

"Poor Molly! Poor Bertha and Jean——! I'm a failure."

Someone else arrived to share the seat with him, and Fothergill recognised the rather pleasant and great-auntly person who sat at the next table in the *salle à manger* of his hotel. They had exchanged confidences. They had praised, or blamed the food, and held up hands of horror over the state of England.

"Isn't this lovely?"

Miss Ferguson was all smiles and white hair under a youthful rose-coloured hat.

"Too hot—almost," said Mr. Fothergill, feeling that it was his fate to disagree with anything and everything.

"O—no."

"It gives me a—excuse me—a liver. Rather sudden after Shacklesfield."

"But contrasts are so good for one."

"Mr. Fothergill's left arm encircled her"

"That's what my doctor said. Unimaginative ass! Oh—I beg your pardon."

Miss Ferguson laughed.

"It takes one a week or two to get acclimatised."

"Does it? What about worry?"

"Worry?"

"Yes—worry. You can't get acclimatised to that. At least—I can't. Four years of it. Or rather—ever since the boom stopped. My business—you know."

Miss Ferguson had a sympathetic nature.

"Strikes—and all that—and foreign competition, and the exchanges, and new fads—dead in three months."

"It must be very worrying."

"It's like going round and round in a whirlpool, wondering how long it will be before you are sucked down. I got giddy."

"I see. Overworked."

"No—over-worried. I'm a serious fellow; I have a wife and children. One's business going to pot—you know—and your wife making herself smile. 'Your health is everything, John'—that's my wife. Said—she—would cut her allowance. I—was—to have a holiday—at all costs. A—holiday——!"

He sat up straight and spread his hands like a Frenchman.

"Holiday! That confounded sun—regular Mark Tapley of a sun! Of all the offensive characters in fiction——. And the last summer—all slush and slime, and nobody buying anything. A slump in sunlight. Suppose I've got a grievance."

It was obvious that he had.

"I'm sorry," said the lady in the rose-coloured hat, "one feels so helpless sometimes."

"One—is—helpless. That's just it."

For the next ten days John

Fothergill's sense of helplessness continued. All the blueness of sea and sky, these flowers, this happy glare of sunlight—what were they but stage scenery? His tragedy was too real, too sordid, too commercially urgent. His thoughts reverted to Shacklesfield with its muck and its cobbled streets and its clogs. What did his health matter—anyway, if he had to go back to Shacklesfield and face bankruptcy?

The one active thing he did was to walk and to climb. He walked desperately, carrying an hotel lunch in a paper bag with a handle of red string, and poking the roads or the mule paths with a restless stick. He wore out his boots, but he did not wear out his worries.

But by the grace of God he was given an adventure.

He climbed to Eze. He had tea there at a café, and as he took the long mule-path that plunged down the hillside to the lower Corniche the setting sun flushed the Tête de Chien. It was a wonderful scene. Colour rushed to meet colour. It made John Fothergill think of Tree's staging of Stephen Phillips' *Ulysses*; he and Molly had seen the play on their honeymoon a hundred thousand years ago.

"Even a Scandinavian Prince fell to the flicker of the black and gold"

Wonderful days those! And what a comfortable country England had been then. Poor Molly! He paused in a sort of dream, staring down at the lapis-lazuli of the sea. So absorbed was he that he might have missed and passed by his adventure.

Someone was shouting.

Mr. Fothergill became aware of the shouting. It penetrated his mood of self-absorption, and he realised that the voice was a woman's, and that it was calling for help. It seemed to come from a group of scattered pines on a steep slope below the path.

"Hallo——!"

"Is anything the matter——?"

"Hallo—Hallo! I'm—here. Please be quick, will you."

A somewhat peremptory call from a person who appeared to be in distress, but Mr. Fothergill's soul leapt to the distraction, and he went in search of the owner of the voice. He found her half seated and half lying amid a jumble of rocks beyond the pines, one slim leg stretched out, a very graceful black leg.

"Have you hurt yourself?"

"Have I not!"

Mr. Fothergill stood and stared. The woman disconcerted him, for some instinct warned him that she belonged to that mysterious and notable world that Suburbia glimpses in the illustrated papers. She was what was called a "striking-looking woman." Her hair was the colour of amber, and her eyes looked black in the glow of her face. She was tall. She wore an apple-green silk knitted dress, white shoes, and a black hat.

Mr. Fothergill looked awkward and shy.

"Is it your ankle——?"

"Yes—I scrambled down to look at this view, and I twisted my foot between two rocks."

"Dear me——!"

The lady was much more emphatic. "Dear me—indeed! My dear man, don't stand and stare. Help me back to the path——."

Mr. Fothergill hesitated.

"But ought you——?"

"Darn it—but I—must—get back to Monte in time for dinner. It's furiously important."

Obviously—and for some reason, it was, and her fierceness appeared to energize Mr. Fothergill.

"There is quite a lot of path left——"

"I know."

She held out a commanding hand.

"Come on. If you help me I expect I can hobble. Once down on the road—"

"A tram or a taxi."

"Just so."

"Or I can stop a car for you. Excuse me——"

As the Good Samaritan he was exceedingly polite. He raised his hat before presuming to stoop to that ministering embrace.

"Supposing you put one arm——"

She had no fool self-consciousness.

"Obviously—. Hold on."

Mr. Fothergill's left arm encircled her, and her right arm clasped his shoulders. Movement hurt her, but she had been hurt often in the hunting-field; she was determined. She encouraged him to drag her along.

"That's it."

"I'm afraid—it is hurting you."

"It is. Never mind. It's necessary——."

Mr. Fothergill felt a glow of romantic admiration for her. Indeed—this was some adventure. He got her back to the mule path and they began to descend while the dusk threatened to make the descent still more difficult. Fothergill was a sturdy little man; there had been days when he had played a notable game as scrum-half for Shacklesfield.

"We are getting along."

"Splendid," said she; "I'll do it."

"You've got some pluck. Excuse me saying so."

"I shall be—most damnably—in your debt."

"O, not at all. Lucky I turned up. By the way, where in Monte——?"

"O, the Grand Hotel. My name's Mandeville."

And then Mr. Fothergill realised the uniqueness of the adventure.

"Lady Minerva?"

"That's me."

Domesticated creature that he was, he thrilled. Lady Minerva Mandeville! That most illustrious and meteoric woman of the world! A romantic and a sensational figure—the goddess

(*Continued on page 596*)

# THE BALL OF THE YEAR

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of fashion. And he—John Fothergill—had his arm round her waist, and she was leaning upon him!

His shyness returned.

"I feel quite important, your ladyship——. Hallo, mind the stone——."

"Dash the stone," said she, "the one important thing is that I should get back in time for dinner."

It took them three quarters of an hour to reach the road, but reach it they did; and here Lady Minerva sat down on a bank and said things under her breath. For her ankle felt like hot metal, and it was nearly dark, and she had smoked her last cigarette.

Mr. Fothergill was standing in the middle of the road, a dramatic and determined figure. He meant to stop the first car going in the direction of Monte Carlo.

"I say—Mr.——"

"Fothergill——"

"Got such a thing as a cigarette?"

"I have. Virginian?"

"Top-hole. Thanks—awfully——. Hallo, there are the lights of a car."

"I'll stop it," said he, as though he were Horatius, planting himself in the middle of the road.

The lights blazed down on him, and, he, waving his arms like a semaphore, dared the callousness of a French chauffeur, who pulled up suspiciously. Mr. Fothergill had no French; Lady Minerva supplied the language.

"What—Marquis—is it you? What luck? I've sprained my ankle—and I must get back——"

A little fat man was being effusively sympathetic.

"How fortunate for me——. Let me assist——. Now, gently——"

Mr. Fothergill was not to be effaced by a marquis, though he did come from Shacklesfield and his business was going to pot. He, too, assisted.

"Thanks awfully; awfully sweet of you both. O, Mr. Fothergill, I'm most tremendously grateful. Do come and lunch with me to-morrow——"

Mr. Fothergill blushed in the darkness.

"I shall be delighted, your ladyship"

"Half-past twelve at the Grand. So long. You have been a regular mascot."

John Fothergill set out to tramp back to Beaulieu, thinking what a wonderful thing it was to have been a mascot to such a woman, and wishing that someone would play mascot to his poor, derelict business.

He turned up punctually next day at the Grand, a little nervous, and unsure about his tie. Would it be a formal and fashionable luncheon? A polite *chasseur* took his hat and coat, and conducted him to the lounge. Her ladyship was there, in a wheel chair, looking what the newspaper gentlemen call "radiant."

She received Mr. Fothergill with enthusiasm.

"Good morning, Mr. Mascot. Well, everything happened as I wanted it to happen, thanks to you. Now, what about the 'eats'—as they say in Main Street?"

Mr. Fothergill found himself lunching alone with Lady Minerva. It was an excellent lunch; they drank champagne, and she was kind and charming to him, for Mr. Fothergill made her think of a rather pathetic-looking little dog, a Pom that had lost its biscuit. He was worrying about something; he had a background of worry, and his troubled face looked out of it.

She made him talk, the champagne assisting, and he talked about himself.

"Out here for my health. Overworked—you know. I come from Shacklesfield. Has your ladyship ever visited Shacklesfield?"

No, Lady Minerva had missed that pleasure.

"Isn't that where the 'undies' come from?"

"Some of them," said Mr. Fothergill, coughing.

"The pretty-pretties. Of course."

He did not tell her of his business worries, but it is possible that she divined them.

The wonderful meal over, and Lady Minerva's chair was wheeled into the lounge, where, after coffee and cigarettes Mr. Fothergill became so much part of the crowd that found it necessary to come and enquire about the great lady's ankle, that he politely and regretfully slipped away. But she threw a smile and a few admonishing words at him over the fat back of an American film-merchant.

"Now—don't worry—and come to see me again."

Mr. Fothergill returned to Beaulieu and gloom descended on him once more, a natural reaction, no doubt, after that glimpse into what had seemed to him a care-free world. Also, the champagne may have had something to do with it. He told himself that he would never see Lady Minerva again.

But he did see her again, or rather she saw him, a most desperately depressed looking little man sitting on a seat in the casino gardens. His face shocked her. She was in a bath-chair, and she ordered the man who was pushing it to stop.

"The poor little thing is going to gamble. People who sit there—looking like the Day of Judgment——!"

Aloud, to the attendant—she said.

"Wheel me over to that seat where the gentleman in the grey suit is sitting—and then—go away for half an hour."

She surprised Mr. Fothergill. He looked confused, disconcerted, standing hat in hand.

"Naughty Fido," she said, wagging a finger at him; "you haven't been to see me."

"Really—your ladyship, I did not want to presume——"

"Presume—! I owe you—ten thousand pounds—Mr. Mascot. And tell me—you were going into that place to gamble. O, yes—I saw it in your eyes. What we call retrieving our fortunes. Now, my dear Fido, sit down and tell me all about it."

"Why do you call me Fido?"

"Oh—I always call people by the first name that comes into my head. Don't be offended, my dear man. Sit down and tell me all about it."

Mr. Fothergill was amazed at himself, but he did sit down, and he did tell her all about his tottering business, and about his wife and his two daughters.

Having listened with the sympathetic shrewdness of the woman of the world, she asked him what exactly his business was.

"I'm a manufacturer."

"Yes—but what—exactly?"

"I make stockings and socks."

"Now—that's really very interesting. Can you manufacture silk stockings?"

"Most of my stockings are silk."

"My dear man—I must think this over. Come and lunch with me to-morrow. And don't do anything rash in the meantime."

"I promise," he said.

How Lady Minerva's cerebrations were to help his business Mr. Fothergill could not imagine; but she was a young woman of such supreme confidence, and her confidence in herself had been so triumphant, that he became infected with a vague cheerfulness. At lunch next day she made him talk to her about the stocking trade, and after lunch, in a quiet corner of the lounge, she produced a sheet of note-paper from her bag.

"Look at that."

Mr. Fothergill sat examining the drawing of a very graceful leg encased in stocking of black and of gold, the gold being in the shape of curved lance-shaped leaves winding delicately upwards.

"Ever seen anything like that, Fido?"

Mr. Fothergill had not.

"Could you manufacture stockings like that?"

Yes, he had no doubt that he could.

"Well—it's a novelty. Consider a moment. Supposing you rushed home, could you turn out a pair of stockings like that in three weeks?"

He looked puzzled.

"I could—at a pinch."

"Right'o. Now listen. My doctor

(Continued on page 598)

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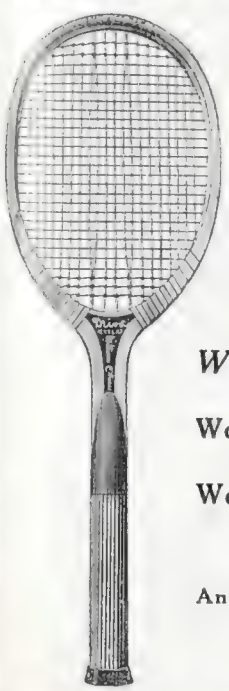

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says that I ought not to walk for three weeks—if my ankle is to be like its fellow."

She laughed and gave a twitch of the skirt.

"Her ladyship has very——"

"So everybody says, Mr. Fothergill. Now, listen. Supposing when I make my first appearance on the Terrace, I am wearing a very original and taking pair of silk stockings? *Your* stockings. It's a silly world, but half the women in London appear to take an interest in what I wear. The Press knows it. The Press has an eye for my—audacities. So you see—very discreetly—I push my novelty in the way of stockings. Probably you might read, 'Lady Mandeville was seen out for the first time. She was wearing, etc., etc., but the sensation was something very new and *chic* in silk stockings. We understand that these stockings were specially made for her by the well known firm of Fothergill's, of Shacklesfield.' D'you see?"

Mr. Fothergill did see.

"You really mean it?" he asked.

"Of course I do."

"You think you can launch a new rage?"

"Well, can't I? What about the Minerva scarf, and the Minerva corsets?"

"Your ladyship, I wasn't questioning your——"

"Right, Fido; call the stocking the Minerva. Rush home and get busy. Be ready to turn out the new idea by the thousand, and in other colours. I think there might be something in it."

. . . . . .

The very next day Molly Fothergill received a telegram—"Returning at once.—JOHN."

And Mr. Fothergill was only a few hours behind the telegram. The holiday appeared to have done him an amazing amount of good; he kissed his wife like a lover.

"I've got an idea—a great idea. There's hope."

But he was mysteriously reticent as to the nature of the idea. He was concealing a possible triumph.

In three weeks Lady Mandeville had her stockings. She tried them on in front of her long mirror, and certainly—on her legs—the effect was delightful.

Nor had she miscalculated either her own importance or the suggestibility of the great public. Granted that her skirts were a trifle brief on the day that she wore Mr. Fothergill's stockings, and that her legs were—well, the legs of Lady Minerva Mandeville. Even a Scandinavian Prince fell to the flicker of the black and the gold. People asked questions. Where—did she get those stockings?

Enterprising ladies connected with the Press came for interviews.

"O, these stockings? Rather ducks, aren't they? Yes, specially made for me by Fothergill's, of Shacklesfield. What? Haven't heard of Fothergill's? Most nutty firm in the North."

She sent a telegram to Mr. Fothergill.

"Be ready. I think the disease is catching."

Meanwhile, Mr. Fothergill was cautiously and secretly manufacturing stockings. It was a gamble, but a safer gamble than roulette. He was buying every sort of illustrated paper, and all those very feminine journals, beginning with THE BYSTANDER and ending with *Fashion Snippits*. And one day he saw the first gleam of those black and gold inspirations.

It spread.

One paper produced a whole page photo of a leg sheathed in the new creation.

All the feminine tittle-tattle began to be full of stockings—silk hose. They crept into the gossipy "pars." "Aunt Polly" talked about them in *Mignonette*. A daily paper reproduced them on its woman's page: "The Minerva stocking, made by Fothergill's, of Shacklesfield."

It was a boom.

Mr. Fothergill, in a state of strenuous hilarity began to be smothered with inquiries, orders. He was turning out stockings, cataracts of stockings. He began to advertise on his own account. "Wear the Minerva Stocking. Made by Fothergill's, of Shacklesfield. Eve wore them in the Garden of Eden. That is why Adam——."

He wrote letters of gratitude and exultation to Lady Minerva.

"We are being flooded; we can't make the things fast enough——"

The only fly in the ointment was the rather enigmatic attitude of his wife.

"John, did you really—meet Lady Minerva——?"

"Of course I did. I'll tell you all about it."

"And you made those stockings specially—to fit her leg—?"

"Well, I should not have sent her out a misfit, my dear, should I?"

"John, did she give you one of her stockings—for a pattern?"

Mr. Fothergill held his breath. He was conscious of a moment of illumination.

"Of course. Do you think that I measured——?"

But, by Jove, what a dog he was! He had never suspected it.

And here was the devoted Molly accusing him of doggishness. Life was worth living—after all——.

Some time in the autumn Lady Minerva, piqued by curiosity, took a walk up Kensington High Street.

Every other leg or so advertised her fame. WARWICK DEEPING

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER [*Hal Linden*

**Nattova and Myrio, the two clever dancers from "The Whirl of the World," demonstrating an old saying in a graceful manner. They are appearing nightly at the Embassy Club, where their sensational dancing—an unusual combination of grace and athleticism—has found much favour with the hardest of audiences to please, an Embassy Club after-dinner crowd**

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*Monte Carlo 18-hole Golf Club, run under English regulations by an English Committee*

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**English Visitors desiring further details or information will receive it free of charge by writing to Mme. Hénon, Villa le Palis, Rue des Roses, Monte Carlo.**

# RIVIERA LAWN TENNIS

BY G. M. SIMOND

LOOK where you will along this Azur Coast, and you will see that the layer of the hard court has not been idle this summer during the off season. New courts have been springing up everywhere.

AT Nice the new clubhouse, with its dancing-hall and spacious dressing-rooms, is completed, and twenty-one courts surround this wonderful edifice. At the Bristol at Beaulieu, four new courts have been made by the *En Tout Cas* Company, and the three old ones have also been treated with the same composition. Beamish has been engaged as the professional. At Monte Carlo ten courts are available, the three at La Festa having been re-drained and coated with a darker surface. There are four professionals, with Burro, Gladky and Pierre as the best. The Menton Club has ten courts, with Page as instructor. A new club has opened at the Garavan end of Menton, with four courts and a professional.

THE centre of tennis on the Riviera is undoubtedly Cannes. The largest and most important club is the Cannes Club. Here they have seventeen courts and three professionals. The new Society Club will have eleven courts, laid with "Tennisol" and granitic earth mixed. The Carlton Courts have been re-dressed, but remain at seven. Here Albert Burke instructs. The famous Beau Site courts, open only to residents of the Beau Site Hotel, number six, and Tom Fleming with an assistant is in charge. The Metropole Hotel has six beautiful courts, very dark in colour, and Rendall, the professional champion, is engaged as professional here. The Gallia Hotel Club has five courts, made of the famous French composition, "Tennisol." At Juan-les-Pins there is a flourishing club with three courts, and at St. Raphael and Hyères (Golf Hotel) there are four courts at each.

THE tournaments begin with the one at Nice on December 8, and continue to the middle of April, 1925. Beaulieu has arranged an additional tournament for Christmas week. An important event has been added to the Monte Carlo programme, the last week in February. Mr. G. P. Butler has presented two beautiful cups, to be known as the "Butler Trophy," for National Men's Doubles, and particulars can be obtained from the secretary. At Menton, the National Mixed will be again held this year.

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen will be playing in some of the leading tournaments, as she has quite recovered from her indisposition, but she will not play in them all. Mlle. de Alvarez, the rising genius, may play at Monte Carlo on December 15.

Miss Ryan, Mrs. Beamish and Mrs. Satterthwaite among the ladies, and R. Lacoste, Colonel Mayes, and J. M. Hillyard among the men, will spend the greater part of the winter down here.

All the tournaments will be run on an "Order of Play," with punctuality *de rigueur*.

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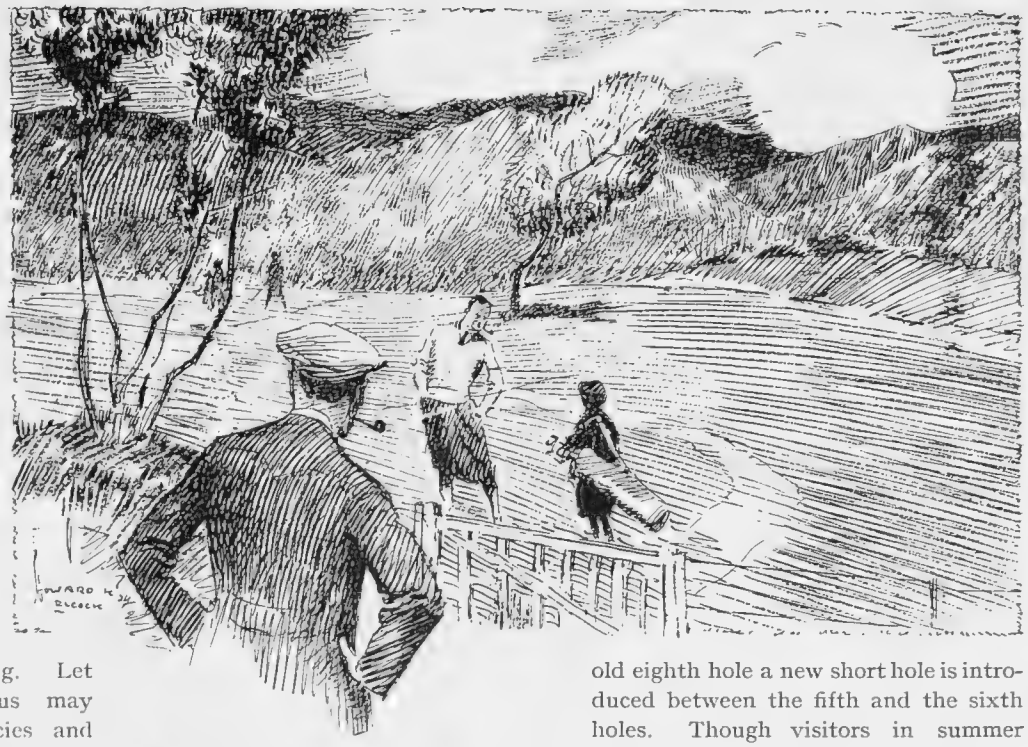
# GOLF PROSPECTS ON THE RIVIERA

*By J. Galbraith Horn*



EVERY year the difficulty of providing adequate golfing facilities along the Riviera increases as the game takes root in France and as more and more golfing visitors, especially Americans, are attracted. This season large sums are being spent on improvements, and there is much window-dressing. Let us hope that Dr. Phœbus may not show Bolshevist tendencies and go on strike, as he so often did last season. The nine-hole Bordighera course, opened late last season, will help a little, and the new eighteen-hole course of the Cannes Country Club at Mougins should decidedly relieve the congestion on the old course, for the hopes of a course at San Remo, a relief course near Nice, and other projects have not materialised. It is difficult to find the land in this stony country, and the municipalities and hotel-keepers are still far from realising the capital importance of providing good and accessible golf. Eighty per cent. of the visitors are game-crazy Anglo-Saxons who hitherto have generously financed the clubs. Now the French Government is doing its best to ruin these clubs —and the Riviera—by not only taxing these clubs 19 per cent. on their gross takings, but also for arrears in past years. The Nice Club may thus have to pay about 100,000 francs in one year. The foreign goose who lays the golden eggs on the Riviera is an honest goose who tries to pay her debts to her neighbours — an example not so far followed on the Continent. Her fecundity may be too severely taxed!

AT Bordighera Major Brett is again in charge, with Jolly as pro.—one of the well-known Jersey golfing family. There is a comfortable club-house, where lunch and tea are popular. This new nine-hole course is short at present, and, naturally, rather rough, but the greens are starting well. It is in a lovely valley, quickly reached by tramway; a boon and a blessing to San Remo and all the near coast.

THE Monte Carlo Club is now open all the year, and Mr. Hewlett Brooke is the secretary. Many improvements have been carried out at Monte Carlo, and this sporting mountain course is at last getting financial backing from a more enlightened Casino administration. Arthur Grant—the head pro.—is greenkeeper, and stays through the summer to superintend various improvements with the help of fourteen or more labourers. Two costly new reservoirs have been built and £100 worth of Sutton's special seeds sown. Norman Grant —from the Argentine—will again help his brother, and Norman Turner, from Cabourg. The dangerous second and ninth double green is left to the second hole. The ninth is played to near the old seventh green, and the old seventh is lengthened by a fine dog-leg shot to the old eighth green. To replace the old eighth hole a new short hole is introduced between the fifth and the sixth holes. Though visitors in summer were numerous, it is, in my opinion, a big mistake to keep nine holes open here in summer, for many grave reasons to which space forbids reference.

**GOLFERS AT VALESCURE**

**A group outside the club-house at the Valescure Golf Club, the scene of a successful Bystander Golf Competition last year. A similar one is to be held this season**

NOW at Sospel, with its centuries old, rich, deep, meadow turf and its charming hotel on the golf course, you have a splendid chance of building up an all-the-year season. The Riviera summer climate is becoming famous. This summer, several resorts like St. Juan-les-Pins, Antibes, Trayas and the lovely Esterel bays were crowded. *With golf thrown in*, the big hotel at Sospel should be ideal from March to the end of June, and again in September and October. Even in July and August 9 holes could be kept open with temporary greens without damaging the course. The walk and surroundings and the climate would be hard to beat. Here, too, I hear of a big order for seed, and Mr. Kenneth Clark, who now owns the course and the hotel, spares no effort to make the course worthy of its great reputation. Dr. Rowand and a Scottish pro. will again look after the club.

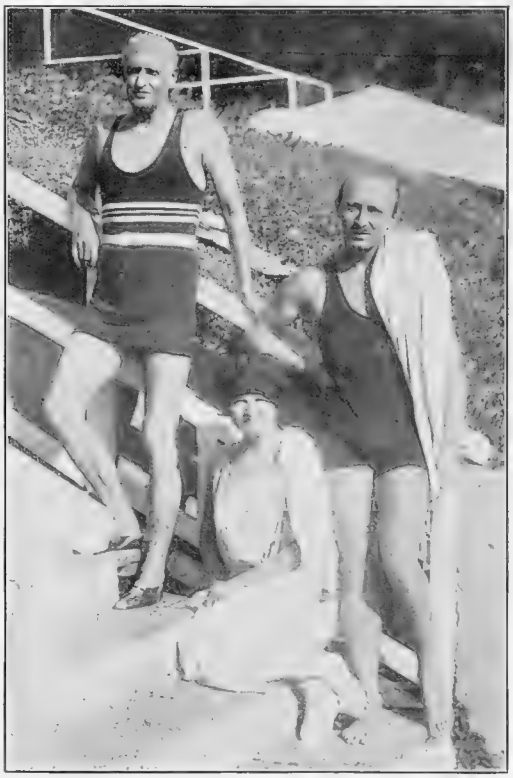
AT Nice, a third big dressing-room is added which will complete accommodation for 260 golf bags in stands, alone. The caddie-master, Boyer, is a marvel, and distinguishes each of the many bags in his charge, even when the owners are at fault. Why not obviate all doubt by giving each bag a number in metal, and a duplicate number to the owner, as they do at Evian-les-Bains, where they

house hundreds in a very small space. Much needed additional space for hats and coats is also provided. About 220 square yards of Poa Bulbosa Vivipara has been laid on some of the greens, which will eventually, like the centre of the greens at Cannes, not require to be re-sown every year. Mr. Hay Gordon, as usual, has superintended the work all the summer, and his old staff, Turnball, Boyer, etc., rejoin him for the season.

No special news about Methuselah—the old Cannes Golf Club. The new millionaire club at Mougins will be early open, and Colonel Bunbury—late of the Worplesdon Club—is secretary. Friends of the founders can play without a green fee. No one else but members are admitted. The property of 330 acres is a fine bit of wood and valley country. A lot of money has been put into the picturesque mill, which makes a charming club house. The course is at present rather narrow, and the streams provide about ten interesting hasards. There are many dog-legs and some roads to negotiate. There are plenty of good springs. The course is 6,063 yards long.

At Hyères, Major Logan is back after an interesting season opening the full course at Lucerne, where they now have 18 holes. The record entries, usual here, should be bigger than ever.

Monsieur Peyron, of the popular Costebelle hotels—a really up-to-date Frenchman, even where games are concerned—continues to improve the beautifully situated new course he made some years ago. There is water for each green, and the bunkers are covered with a wonderful blue sand from the lead mines at Bernettes which defies the wind. A new bridge room to the south, 250 square yards big, has been added.



NO-VEMBER! [*E. Navello*

**Mr. and Mrs. Marion Crawford and General Brewin in the sort of scene of which November dreams are made on Lavrotta Beach, Monte Carlo**

Valescure golf opens on December 1 as usual, and by playing the first hole twice, will have 18 holes. The jolly verandahed Dormy house is again managed by Mr. L'Hermite; and Colonel Ronald Brooke, the devoted captain of the club, will have Colonel Howard again as secretary and Pasquali as pro. There will be two motor services in the morning and two in the afternoon to and from the golf. Valescure is very much *à la mode*, and land bought here, or near the Nice Golf Club above the railway, will prove a good investment.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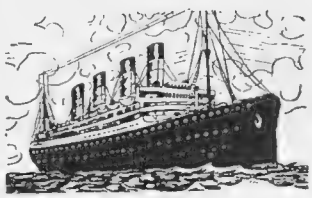

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# WHAT TO WEAR ON THE RIVIERA

By E. W. BOULTER. *ILLUSTRATED BY BLAM AND NICK*

THERE is no time like Riviera time for finding an excuse to replenish the entire wardrobe. The traditional golden sunshine and glittering white pavements under an azure sky call for the gayest items of the dressmakers' fancy. And if the Mistral should blow, as it has an uncomfortable way of doing, one is, after all, gathered together with a few thousand pleasure-seekers who persist in finding sunshine real or imaginary, so it behoves the woman of the world to be smart in the South, no matter what the weather.

"Gorgeousness is the keynote of Riviera evening fashions"

SHE who is wise will make white her leading card, for nothing looks better on the Terrace of Monte Carlo, on the Golf Links at Cannes, or on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. Beige is a good second choice, for it is always *à la mode*, and can be worn with the same delightful accessories in the way of coloured slippers and sunshades, to say nothing of the inevitable scarf, as the white gowns. Molyneux, whose name is famous for his clever Riviera creations, is specialising this year in amusing little suits and straight, short frocks in white and beige material, with wonderful coloured borders in a variety of designs. This cloth has been woven exclusively for him, so it cannot be obtained anywhere else, but as he has a large establishment at Cannes those who hanker after his models will be able to buy them when they arrive without breaking the journey in Paris, which is likely to be almost as cold and grey as London during the Riviera months.

HOWEVER joyous seems the prospect of eternal sunshine, it must be remembered that five o'clock in the afternoon brings a coolness to the Riviera that makes furs and warm wraps an absolute necessity if one is to avoid that particular brand of "throat" to which the British are especially susceptible if they ignore the vagaries of the Southern climate. This year there is an endless choice in furs to trim the light-coloured wraps that cover the tennis frock, golfing kit or the light fanciful dress for the Casino. The old favourites, such as mink, marten, skunk, and kindred furs, having soared to prices that make them possible only for those who are either extremely lucky at the tables or to whom money is of no object, Brother Bunny and Thomas the tabby cat have nobly come to the rescue in order that the woman of ordinary income may not catch cold. The slaughter on the roof tops must have been something terrible, judging by the advance models for the South which show trimmings of tabby cat wherever tabby can be placed. It is cut up into ornamental designs and *appliquéd* on to white cloth. In narrow bands it outlines a coat, or borders the inevitable beltless tunic. It is cut into attractive little cravats with flowing ends of satin. In fact, when you see a lovely woman thoughtfully regarding Thomas as he purrs before the fire, you can never be sure if she is looking at him with pure affection or visualising his effect when cut up into a collar and cuffs for her new coat.

THE line or silhouette for the Riviera will be as straight and narrow as the proverbial path of virtue, and in case this strikes anybody as being not quite in keeping with the sultry southern atmosphere it will be very short. Knees, in fact, are the latest discovery of modern woman. Covered in the most gossamer of flesh-coloured silk stocking at the top of a slim leg, they are the latest beauty to be displayed to the saunterer on the Croisette. Hence the importance of the aforementioned stocking, which must be just the right shade of pale nut brown to give the effect of charmingly sunburnt legs.

SHOES, too, are mere unimportant trifles, consisting of a few lightly interlaced straps of bright scarlet, green or blue leather, or white suède

"She who is wise will make white her leading card"

with brogueings of brown calf. The plain, low-cut pump slipper in kid to match the stocking is also a great favourite for the Riviera. The only heavy item of the shoe is the price. Its appearance must combine fragility with elegance.

GORGEOUSNESS is the keynote of Riviera evening fashions even if simplicity prevails in the daytime. The trying effect of thousands of candle-power electric light, blurred by the heavy incense of cigar smoke, necessitates a hard brilliance in Casino evening gowns.

WHITE satin sheaths are embroidered with diamonds and jet, arranged to look like a series of handsome necklaces on what there is of the corsage. Long chains of semi-precious stones are embroidered on narrow stoles that float from the shoulders. Coq feathers dyed all colours of the rainbow are used to edge the hem of a gown and to form the high Venetian collar of an evening cloak. The ostrich feather has had its day, and is not being used this season. Bead embroideries, inspired by beautiful old Chinese vases or Coromandel brocades, are used with all the art of the modern dress designer. Flowers made of a thousand fragments of silk by clever little *midinettes* are bunched on a shoulder strap, massed at the waistline at the side, and trailed along the hem of a tunic.

An attractive costume sketched at Mazoyer Sœurs' establishment in Nice this month

COLOUR cannot be too vivid or too regal. All the gamut of reds from deep Bordeaux, through Cardinal scarlet to flame and tender shades of rose will be much worn this season. Blur, too, has come into its own again after having been neglected for some years past, and there is a new "absinthe" green that is as alluring and seductive as the drink of that name. Black is left for the time being to the very young and demure. Their mothers and grandmothers prefer something more dashing.

JUST a word as to hats. The *cloche* that was almost the despair of the milliners, so long did it stay with us, is now dead except for *le sport*. A new high-crowned edifice on the lines of Minerva's helmet has taken its place, In felt of all manner of lovely colours, its tall crown is carelessly dented a little to one side something in the manner of a man's Homburg hat. The Directcire hat, too, with its high square crown, has a certain popularity.

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# PARISIANA By "René"

## ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis—

Let us lift our glasses in merry mood to Raoul Ponchon, *bonhomme* if ever there was one. Raoul Ponchon is a poet of noteworthy merit—he is not one of your anæmic, cereal-fed poets, but the poet of those who are not afraid to proclaim their affection for the good red wine. Raoul Ponchon has been elected a member of the Academie Goncourt, that collection of writers who have arrived, who do not let their sound taste in literature dull their fine taste as *gourmets*. Their menus are as

"Refused to shake hands"

eagerly conned as their votes on prize-winning novels. But it is not because he has been elevated to the Academie Goncourt that there is a call on all jovial souls to clink their glasses in his honour, but because he has demonstrated that it is not a bad thing but a good thing to get a reputation as a *bon viveur*.

He has established that one can drink valiantly and copiously of the rich red wine and simultaneously add to the milk of human kindness. The morning after he was elected, a robust and rubicund fellow, a *gros brave homme*, was sighted in front of M. Ponchon's house, bearing in each arm a cobweb-covered bottle which he carried very tenderly to avoid shaking. When asked what he was about to do with them he answered, "I have heard that M. Ponchon is a *joyeux type* and that he loves the *bon vin*, so I wish to make him a present of some of my Chambertin, which is *exquis*. One likes to give where it can be appreciated."

This little incident would gladden the heart of the enterprising M. Gaston Gerard, *maire* of Dijon, who is again showing us what a fine place this world is to live in with his gastronomic market. It is unchallengeably obvious that people from far and wide are agreeably willing to learn, for while the first year's fair gathered something over a hundred thousand participants, last year there were nearly four hundred thousand, and this year Dijon has found it necessary to make preparations for half a million visitors who are interested in the art *du bien manger*. M. Gaston Gerard hopes to make Dijon the world's capital for *gourmets*. He has enormous advantages over other cities which might seek to set themselves up as rivals, for there are few provinces in the world which produce so many delicacies of the table as Burgundy.

That's why the snails down there are so luscious. If there should be any need to set up a modern Garden of Eden it would surely be located down Dijon way. Even the mustard is sufficient to inspire verse. Amidst the *fêtes* and *réjouissances* no fewer than twenty-six menus of *haute*

"The frock coat fitted her to perfection"

"Bearing in each arm a cobweb-covered bottle"

*cuisine bourguignonne* will be served *obligatoirement* and without interruption. Even the dyspeptics are not forgotten—it is known they come to live again the joys of the past—for there is a horticultural exposition, where their regrets can be softened by *la contemplation des fleurs*. Marcel, *vieux*, let thy wistful gaze concentrate on a P.L.M. railway guide. There is enough of the Monte Carlo winnings left for two tickets to the capital of wineland and the hour approaches. . . .

The attempt to create a new fashion in duelling cannot be fairly described as a success. The protagonists got hurt, which is not in keeping with recent custom in duelling. It is not known precisely what led to the abandonment of the traditional swords or pistols, but the duellists concerned, who are young men belonging to *la meilleure société*, after a quarrel at the races, decided to settle the issue in a ring with four-ounce boxing gloves and in accordance with the standardised rules of boxing.

One of the two adversaries must have been particularly lacking in foresight for he was considerably lighter than the other, and at the end had no sight left at all. But though he abandoned the unequal bout in the fourth round, he got in quite a few telling punches; and while he tossed uneasily on his pillow for a week or so afterwards, he had the consolation of knowing that his

conqueror had been unable even to sip the coffee which custom allots to the victor, as his swollen lips craved for ice rather than for hot drinks. Both had to remain in bed for quite a while. They may have to meet again, for the *vaincu* refused to shake hands with the *vainqueur*. But, next time, they will choose something which does not hurt so much as boxing gloves.

THE old tag that "Father's pants will soon fit Willie," should soon have a new application in Paris in the version, "Father's best will now fit Maman." The cunning-fingered persons who construct tailor-made garments for women have brought their styles so close to those of the masculine minority that it is frequently difficult to tell whether a coat displayed in a window is meant for Madame or Monsieur.

ONE dispute in front of a shop in the Boulevard Haussmann between an equally confident husband and wife, had to be settled by the verdict of the shopkeeper, and as Monsieur paid out on his thousand-franc bet he told the tailor a few frigid truths about this indelicate invasion into the masculine domain.

IN a more startling case an economical Parisienne, who was casting

"A dispute in front of a shop"

out some clothes that her husband had not worn for several winters, found that a frock coat fitted her to perfection. With a few manœuvres about buttons and sleeves, and the purchase of a skirt to match, she was soon jauntily parading a "tailor-made" which created the desirable envy of her dearest friends. We shall have to keep a close watch on this wardrobery.

GOING to the Salon d'Automne has become largely a question of ascertaining what tricks the diabolical Van Dongen has been up to. There was a bigger crush than usual for the *vernissage*, but none of the thousands could have been disappointed, for Van Dongen was at his very worst and his very best. Nobody else dare take such liberties with his subjects as Kees van Dongen. He made Anatole France look like a *camembert*, and he is perfectly capable of making the daintiest Parisienne look like a cabbage or a radish. Then, just to show that that is mere high-spirited revelry, he will paint the most exquisite portrait and have it hung side by side with one of his frights. He is the Puck of the palette. One of these days somebody in Montparnasse will paint Van Dongen. And then. . . .

RENÉ

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River Lues

A MATERIAL DISCOVERY
BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is a moot point whether the many remarkable scientific discoveries of the twentieth century tend in the main towards good or evil. It is difficult to conceive, for instance, that any new form of poisonous gas will add to our gaiety, although it may give the stunted mind of its inventor some inflation of mischievous satisfaction. Less venomous, but equally unendurable, is the affliction of "listening-in" to the platitudes of verbose publicity puppets, who have now extended their bilge from the banquet hall to the broadcast station. For it is only on rare occasions, when they dine too well, that their broadcast indiscretions become amusing to the pathologist, the prohibitionist, and the student of human nature.

Let me cut my justifiable ferocity against vicious usages of science, and turn to the simple and more endurable virtues of the crafts.

A new process in the manufacture of cloth has been discovered. It is to the credit of England, which country, favoured in this respect by its water, has always produced the best cloths in the world. This new material literally never wears out. The secret consists in using the finest two-ply yarn, and in manufacturing the warp and the weft by a method that renders it impossible to break the thread.

It can be submitted to any test short of the razor blade. The strength is so tremendous that the material is absolutely untearable. Not only is it thornproof, but it can be scratched violently with a steel needle without the faintest impression being made. It is possible to take a pointed pencil and pierce through the knee of the trousers, or through any part of any garment, and by pulling the cloth firmly from side to side the hole will disappear.

Over one hundred different designs of this extraordinary material may be seen at the establishments of Pope and Bradley. It is made in every shade of grey, lovat, heather, fawn, brown, blue and silk mixtures, and in a variety of different weaves. Although it is ideal for all sporting purposes, many of the ranges are designed for ordinary town wear—either for suits or for light-weight overcoats.

Since a suit of this material will last an ordinary lifetime, it is essential that it should be perfectly cut and tailored throughout by hand.

* * * * * * *

Reverting to my opening dissertation on good and evil, the invention of this material is certainly good for Pope and Bradley customers, but the disturbing corollary may have an evil effect on the firm's revenue. It is rather appalling to think of these suits being handed down from generation to generation.

Incidentally, the prices appear to be quite inadequate—for a lounge or sports suit eleven guineas, for an overcoat ten guineas.

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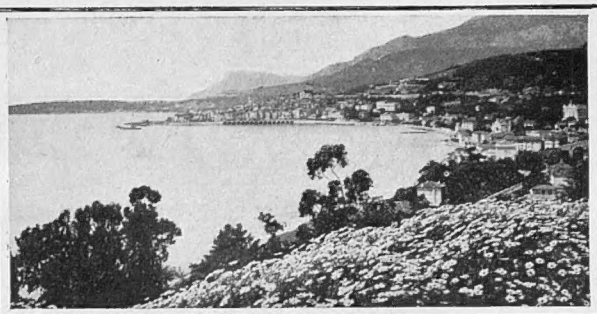

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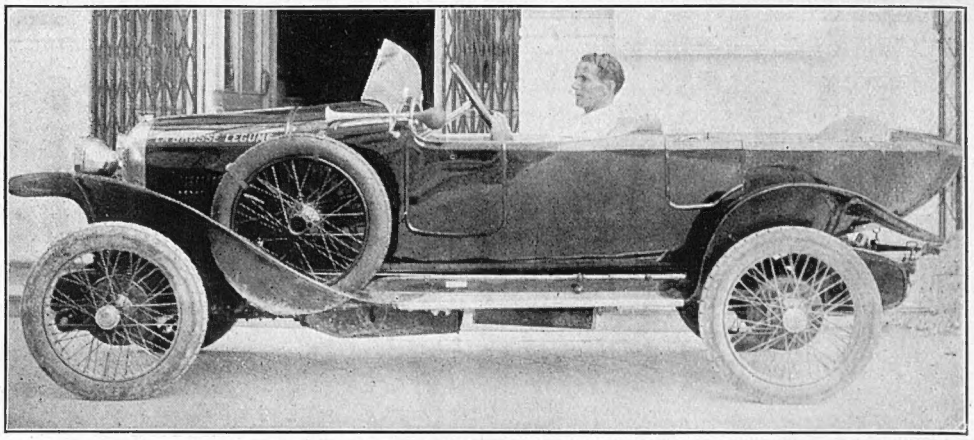
# MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



**THE MOTOR IN MONTE**

**Mr. Eric Longden, the well-known racing motorist, in his car at Monte Carlo, where he is a familar figure**

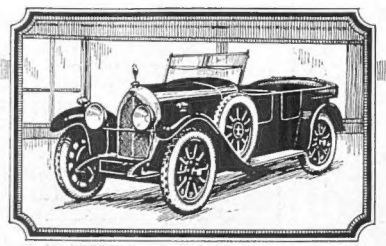
THE latest sport in Persia is game-shooting from a motor-car. I have received details concerning a recent trip in that country, the car used being a 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall, and the object of the trip gazelle-shooting. Apart from the excitement naturally associated with this sport, the trip was particularly interesting as proving the speed of these fleet animals. It was found by speedometer that the gazelle would set off at a speed of 45 m.p.h., and as soon as the first shot was fired it would find an extra 10 m.p.h. somewhere. The suitability of the Vauxhall for Colonial work is amply proved by this speed performance over atrocious surfaces. The proud owner states that he has tried many cars for this purpose, but he finds that the Vauxhall is the only one from which he can shoot from the back seat.

* * *

THE subject of dazzling headlights is still exciting a considerable amount of attention, and in this connection it is interesting to refer to the work of the Royal Automobile Club in connection with the problem. The Club has been carrying out tests for some time past of the various types of headlights which are submitted to it. The method adopted by the Club is both novel and accurate. The fundamental idea behind the test is that the primary purpose of the motor-car headlight is to illuminate objects upon the road which, for reasons of safety, it is essential the driver of the car should be able to see. In order that the performances of all lamps should be comparable, an "object" was standardised, the standard being artificially represented by a number of grey irregular shapes super-imposed on the dead black background of a disc 18 in. in diameter. This disc is moved about in the beam of the lamps under test, in order to discover the point at which the driver first would be able to see it. Tests are made at various heights and on either side of the centre line of the car. A very accurate idea is thus obtained of the distance from the car at which the driver would be able to see a pedestrian, etc., and is a direct measure of the anti-dazzle properties of the lamp.

* * *

THE tests are very accurately carried out, among the various factors recorded being the candle-power of the source of light, the ranges at various heights, the widths of beam, the side illumination and the dazzling effect. When all the tests have been completed throughout the year, the Club will make an award for the most meritorious performance of an adaptation for existing lamps and another for the most meritorious performance of a complete lamp of special design.

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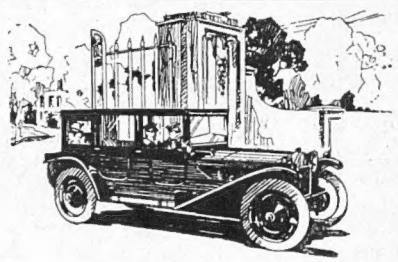

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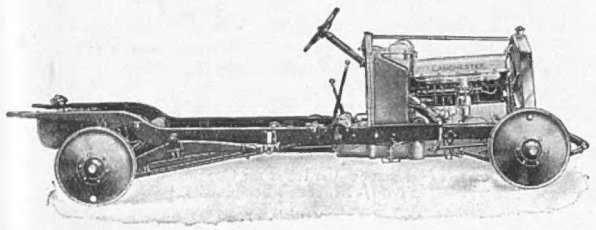

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